



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

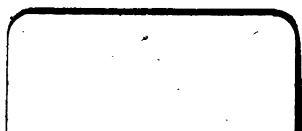
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

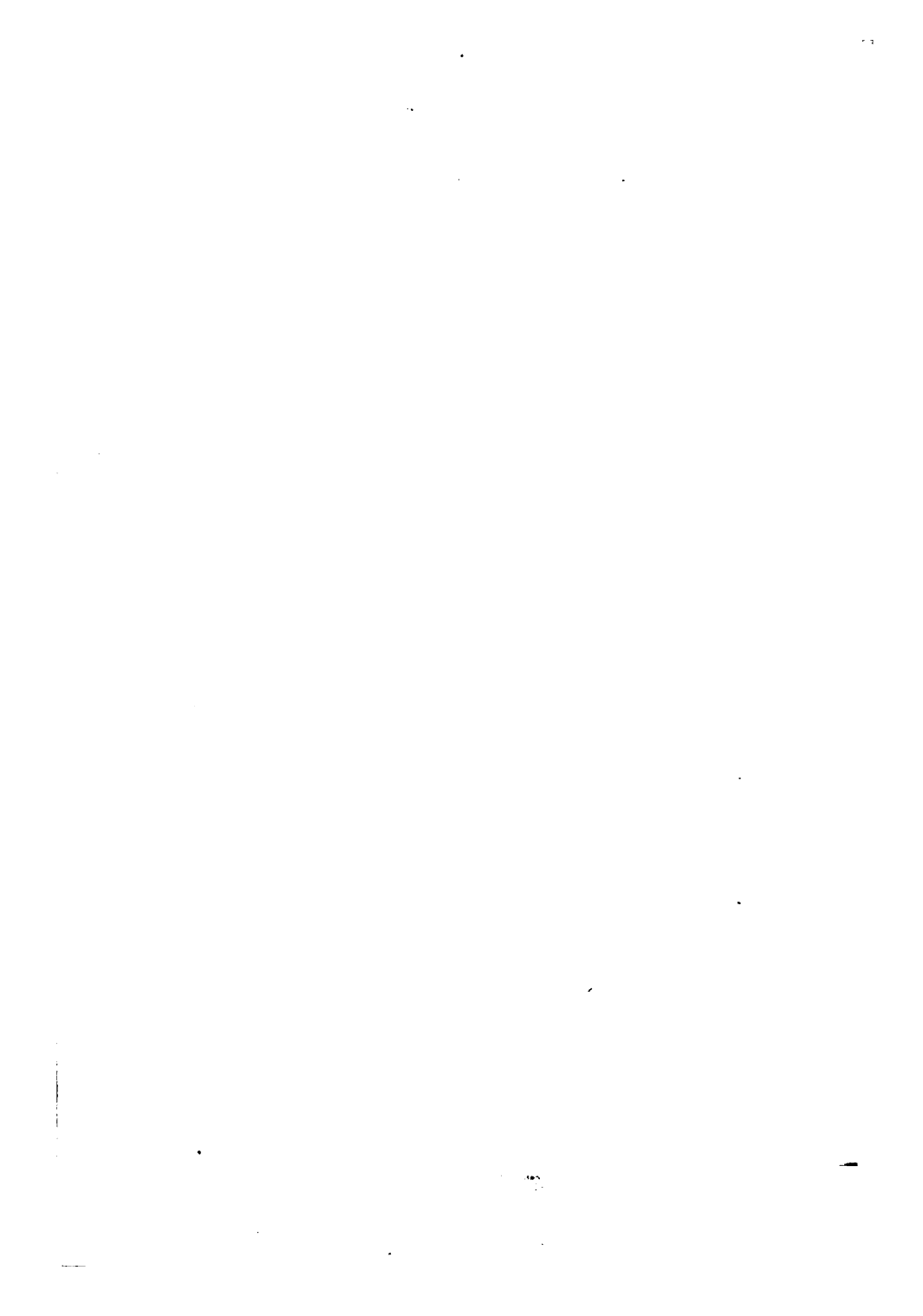


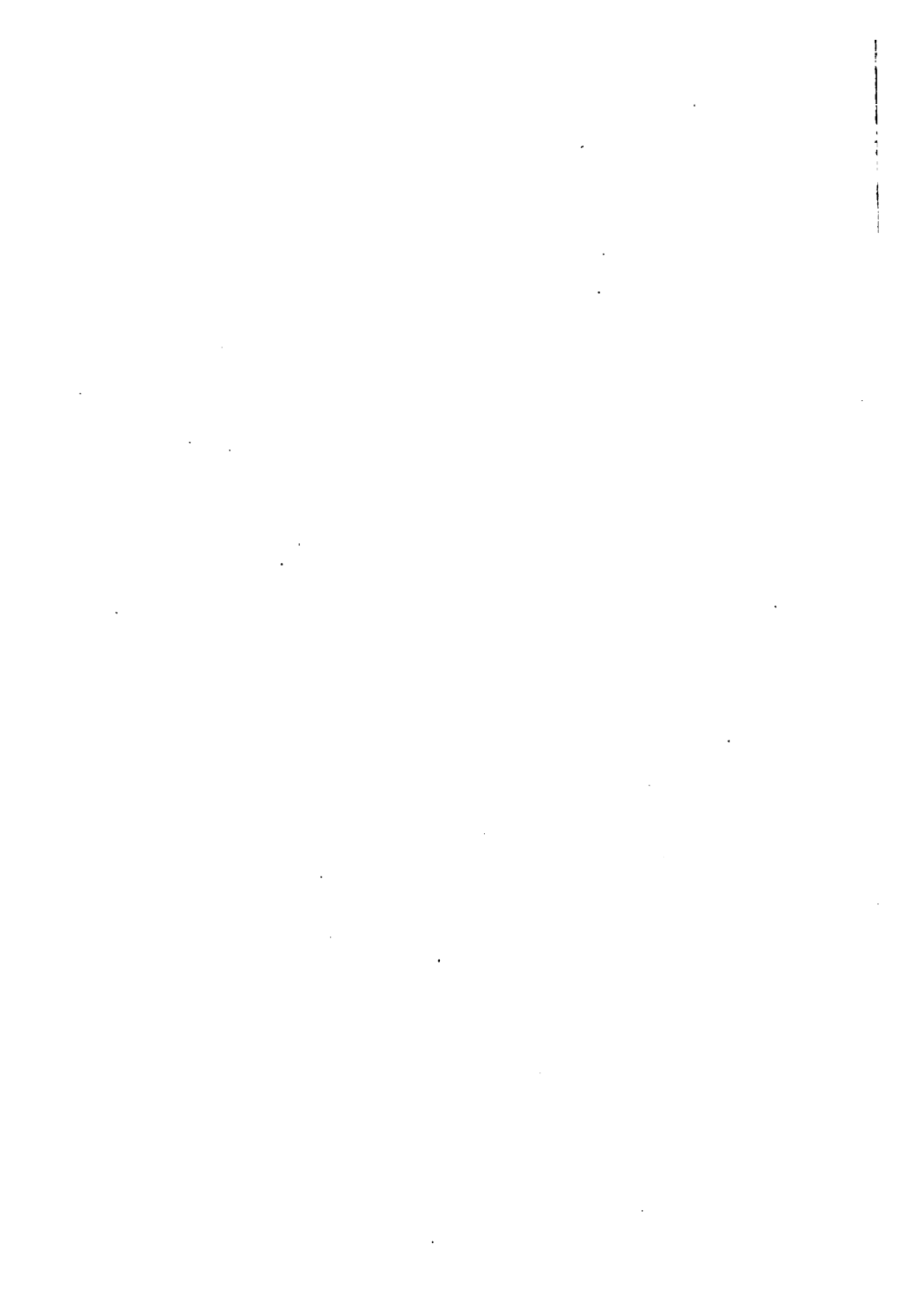
* Anon.

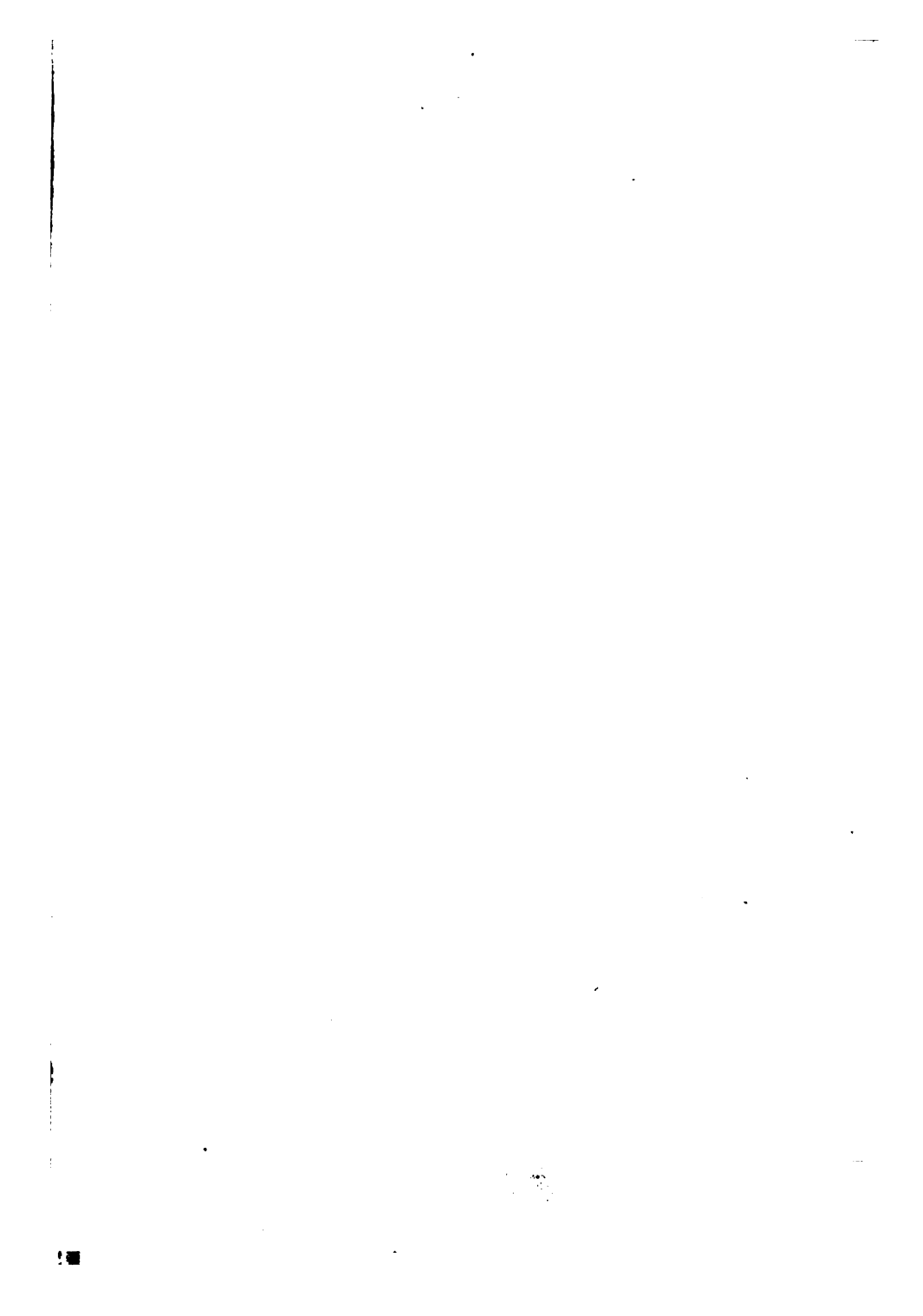
(Stamey)

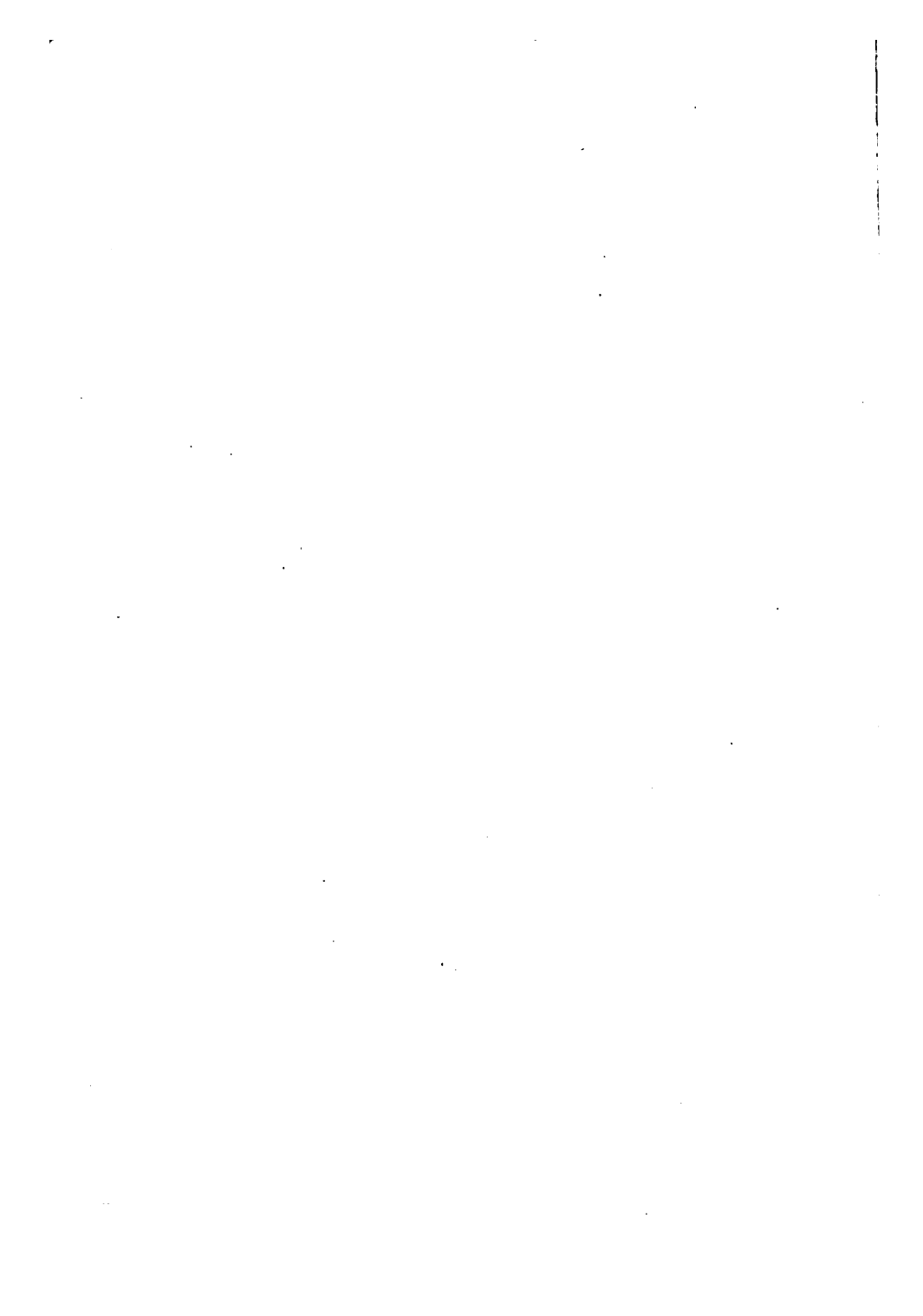
NBI

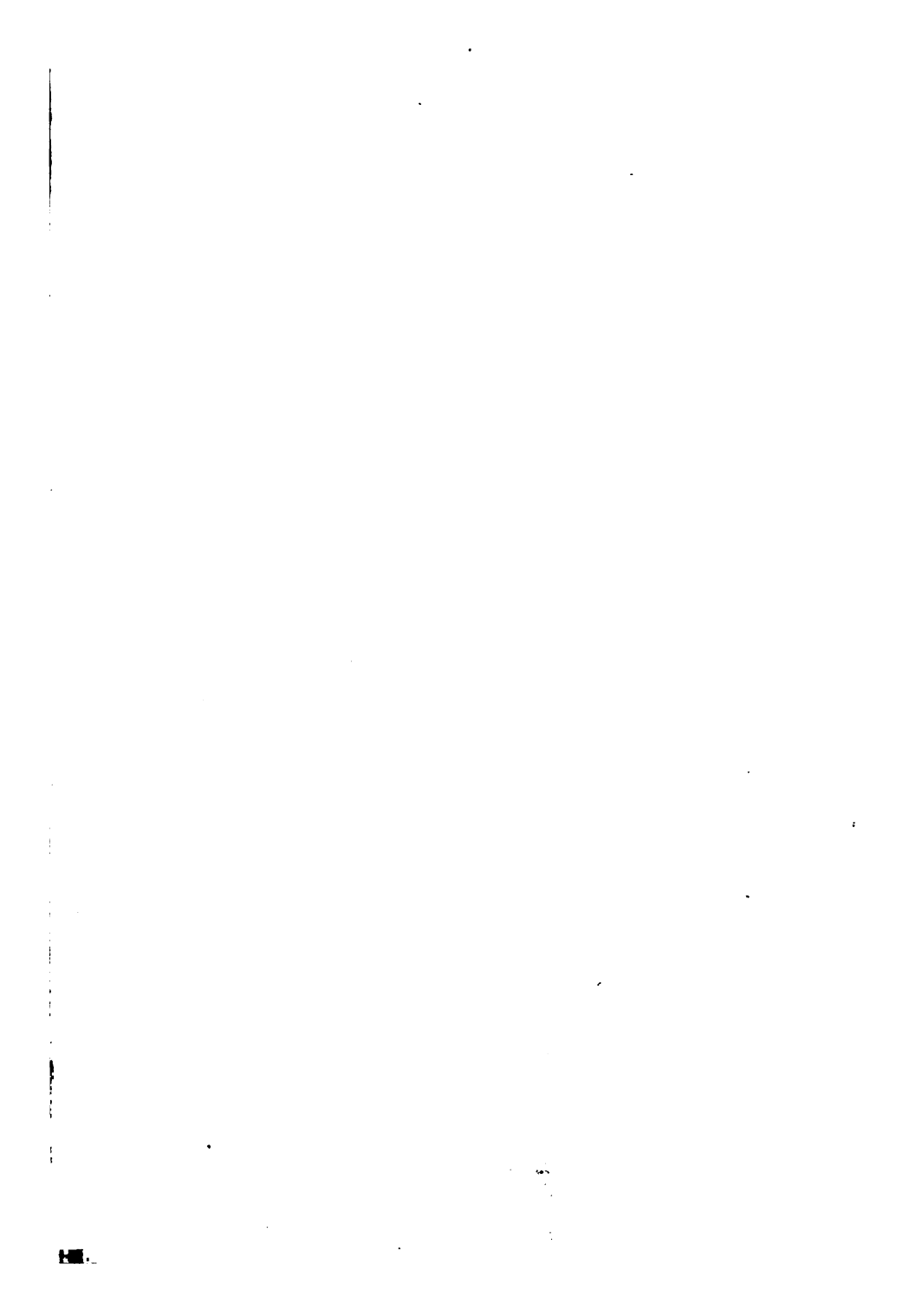


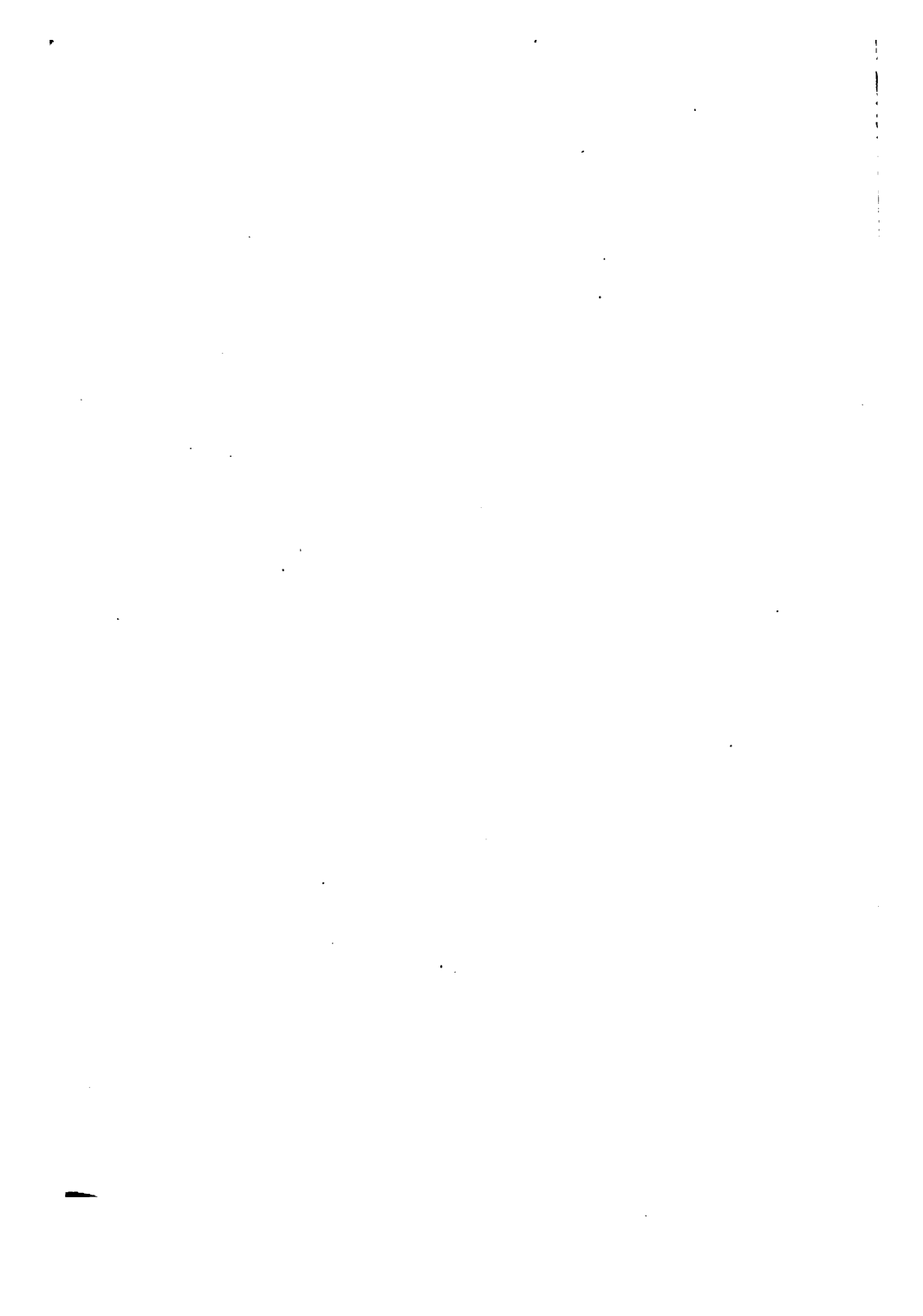


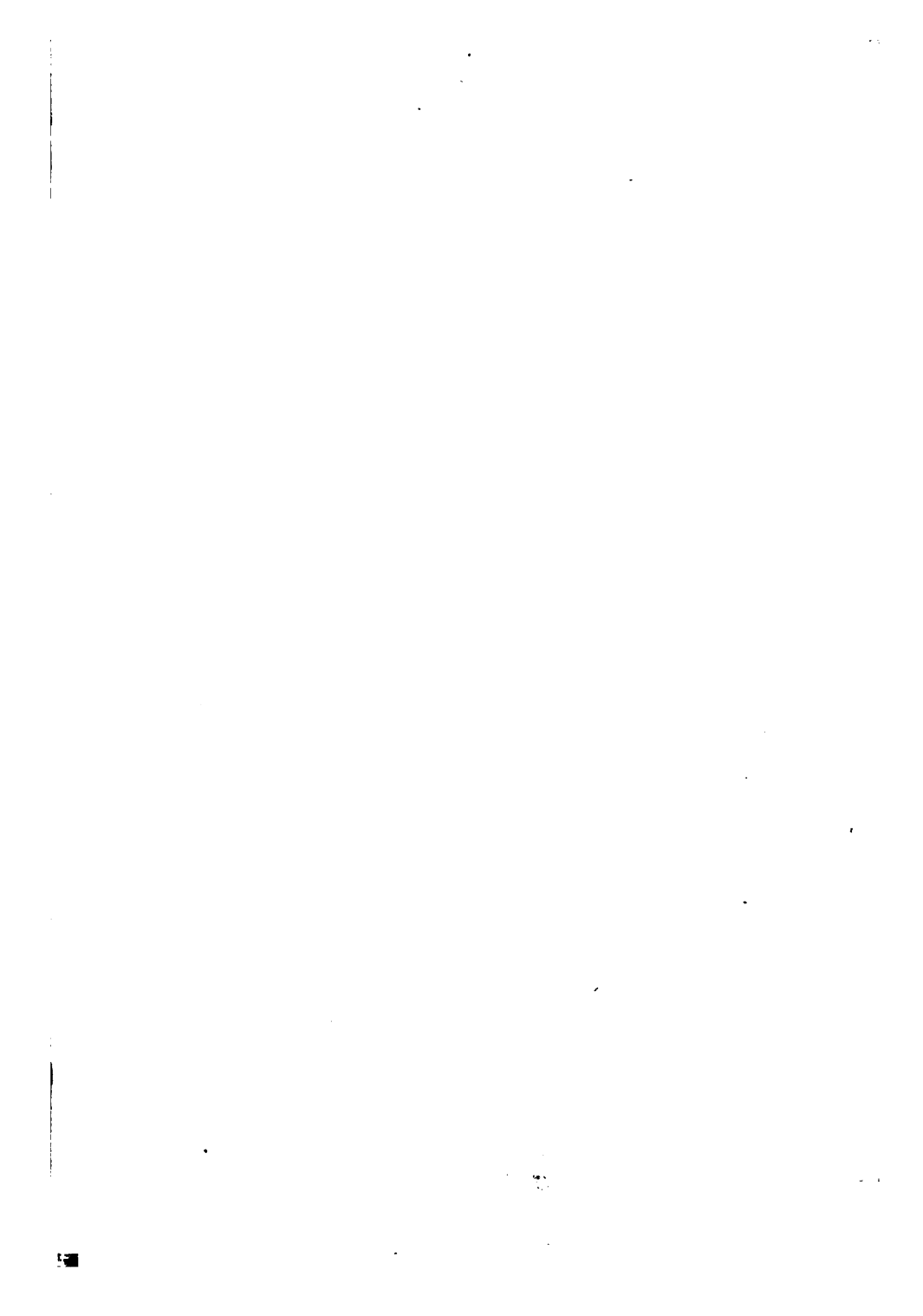


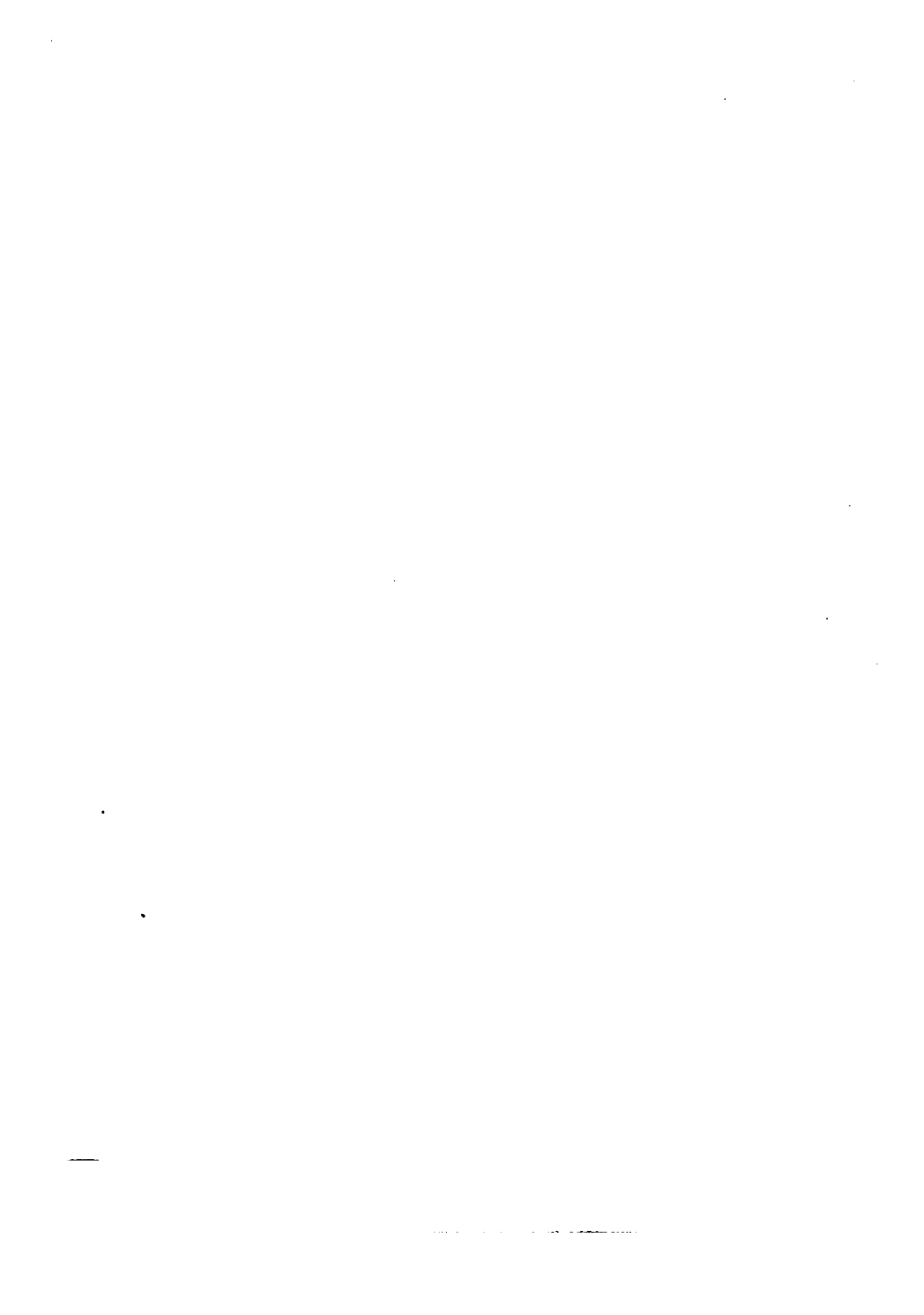


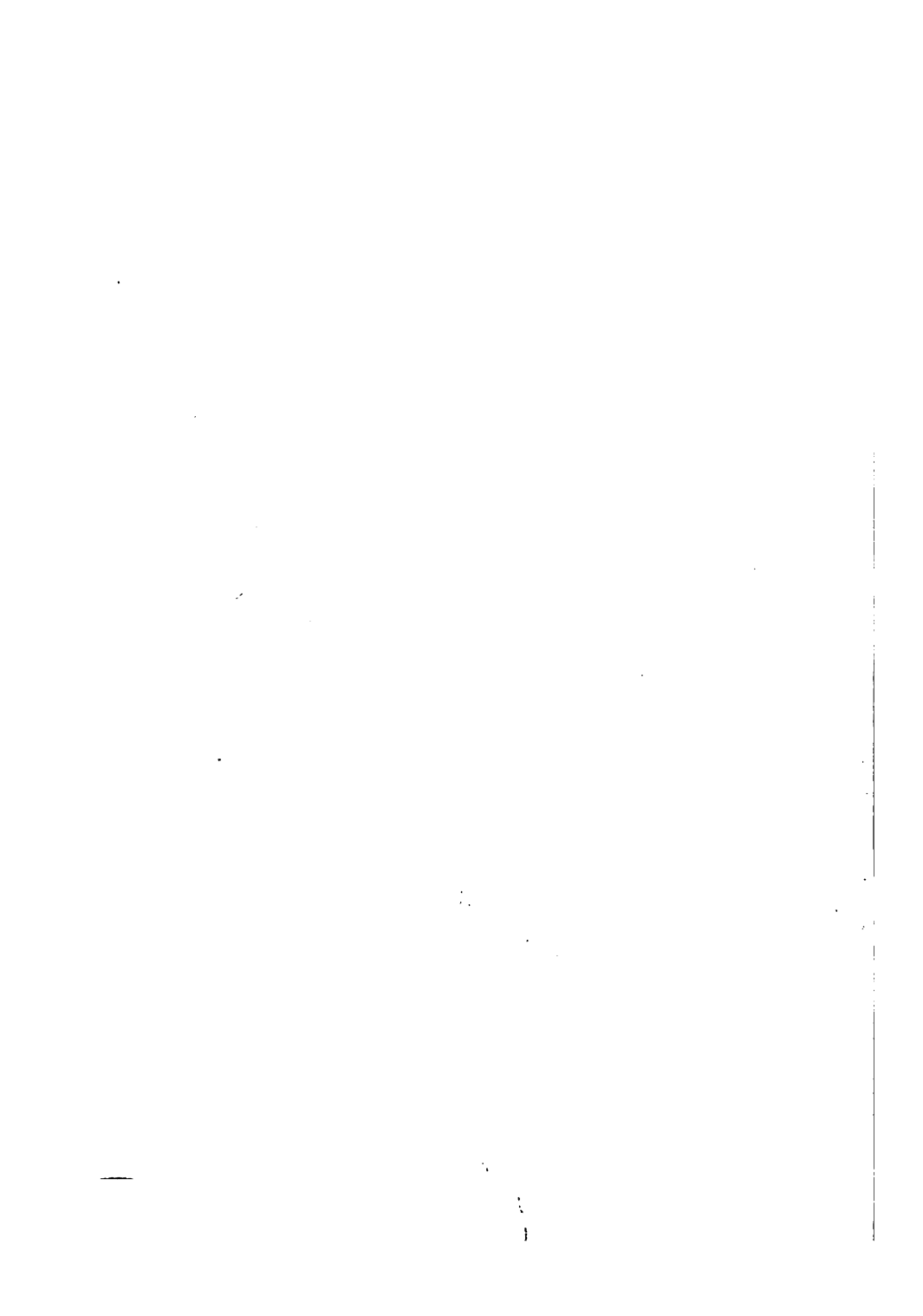












*Not in A.
2/10/06.
sl*

The Junction of Laughter and Tears

BY
DE KELLER STAMEY



BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
The Gorham Press

1905
M.R.

Copyright 1905 by DE KELLER STAMEY
All Rights Reserved

348961

Printed at
THE GORHAM PRESS
Boston, U. S. A

7-17/15-
75-8

TO THE TWO I LOVE BEST—

MY WIFE,

OUR BABE.

CONTENTS

	Page
<i>The Junction of Laughter and Tears</i>	9
<i>The Valley of Roses</i>	13
<i>Mt. Gretna</i>	14
<i>April</i>	14
<i>A Sunrise</i>	16
<i>Easter Morning</i>	17
<i>The Thousand Isle</i>	20
<i>The Calla Lily</i>	21
<i>The Afterglow</i>	22
<i>Memorial Poem</i>	27
<i>Only</i>	28
<i>Deeds</i>	29
<i>One from the Ranks</i>	29
<i>Auf Weidersehn</i>	32
<i>"Let There Be Light"</i>	37
<i>When My Sun Sets</i>	39
<i>If We Knew All</i>	40
<i>I Am Not Sure</i>	42
<i>My Harvest Whistle</i>	45
<i>The Days With Nothin' Special to Do</i>	46
<i>"Please, Mister, a Flower!"</i>	47
<i>To a House-Mouse</i>	48
<i>"A Time to Let Go"</i>	49
<i>W'en We Wus Boys</i>	51
<i>'Cause It's Christmas</i>	55
<i>The Engine-Man</i>	56
<i>The Sick Doll</i>	56
<i>Fairyland</i>	56
<i>When My Ship Comes In</i>	57
<i>The Farmer-Man</i>	58
<i>Baby Land</i>	58
<i>A Hidden Name</i>	60

CONTENTS

	Page
<i>A Hidden Name</i>	61
<i>An Autograph</i>	65
<i>An Autograph</i>	65
<i>Hope</i>	66
<i>Sowing and Reaping</i>	66
<i>Silver Lake</i>	67
<i>Lines and Lines</i>	68
<i>The Little Boot</i>	68
<i>To the New Year</i>	68
<i>Dream Life</i>	69
<i>Evening Thoughts</i>	70
<i>Father</i>	70
<i>My Valentine</i>	70
<i>Spirit Life</i>	71
<i>The Everlasting Right</i>	75
<i>Over the Way</i>	76
<i>Some Glad Day</i>	77
<i>Lines on the Death of a Friend—(J. B. R.)</i>	78
<i>An Extract</i>	79
<i>When Carrie Came</i>	79
<i>When Carrie Died</i>	82
<i>The Near-By Far-Away</i>	84
<i>O, My Loved One</i>	87
<i>Home</i>	88
<i>Uncle Adam and Good Aunt Jane</i>	89
<i>Do I Like Pie</i>	91
<i>Violet</i>	92
<i>Because We Are Going Back Home</i>	93
<i>The Summer Land</i>	94
<i>Fair Jewel</i>	95
<i>Two Years Ago</i>	96
<i>Wee Feet</i>	98
<i>My Cumberland—A Fragment</i>	99
<i>My Little Love</i>	100
<i>My Best</i>	102
<i>Falsely Accused</i>	104
<i>Riley's 'Ritin's—A Recital</i>	113

**THE JUNCTION OF LAUGHTER
AND TEARS**

THE JUNCTION OF LAUGHTER AND TEARS

In life, in the region, the region of life
Are the streamlets of laughter and tears;
They wind in the meadows and cool tangled copse,
And swell as the junction each nears,
Where they mingle their waters a time through the
years,—

In the region, the region of laughter and tears.

In the streamlet of laughter, the sister of tears,
In the region of laughter and tears,
The warp and woof ripples of finely wrought gold
Chant songs for evanishing years;
The pearl bedded sand mystic crystal appears
In the streamlet of laughter, the sister of tears.

Where the river of hope joins the river of fears,—
The junction of laughter and tears;
Face set to face, the dreams of the past,
The songs of the faraway years,
And the anguish of heart as the junction it nears,
Where hope find its Golgotha, tears.

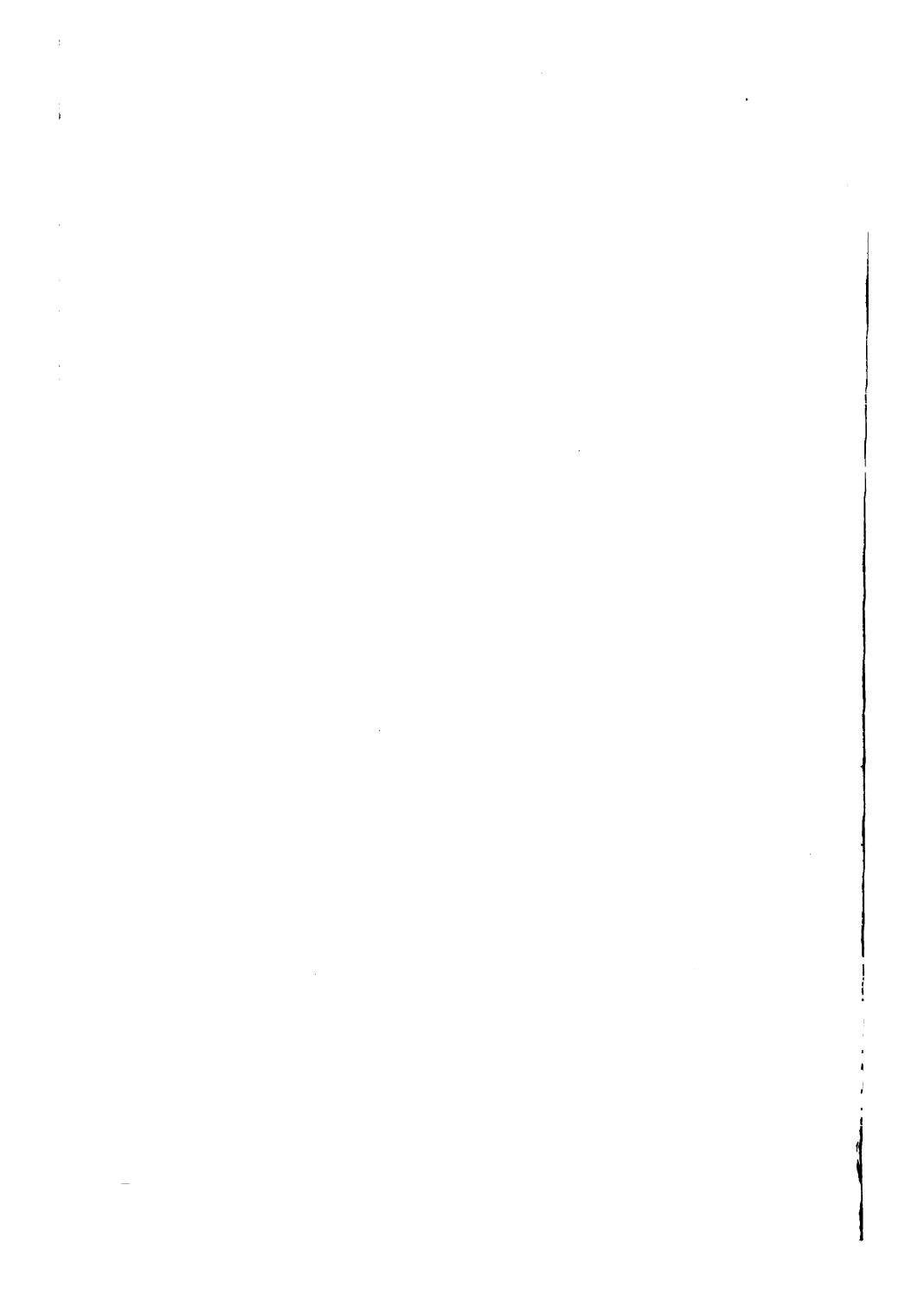
Where the river of song joins the river of sighs,
The junction of laughter and tears;
Where the music of meeting is lost in good-byes,
And the hope of returning, in fears;
Where the heights of delight dip in oceans of grief,
And the dread of the night in day finds relief.

Where the flood of to-day meets the ebb of the past,
The junction of laughter and tears;
Where memories old at the new stand aghast,
In the cycle of vanishing years;
Where the chords of the past mould the songs of to-day,
And the heart's love lives on in the dear far-away.

O! there's life at the junction, here real life appears,
The junction of laughter and tears;
Here heart-valves are opened, or praises, or jeers,
And Christ-pierced hands and foul taunts and
leers;
Here the song meets the cry and the smile, the wet
eye,
As the river the junction flows heedlessly by.

We each at the junction our journey must bend,
The junction of laughter and tears;
And what with the mingling our life's fairest end?
Shall we shun the thorns, nails, and the spears?
Shall we ever our bark through the fast fleeting
years
Steer grandly to haven through trials and fears?
Christ hallowed the fountain of tears,
The junction of laughter and tears.

UNDER THE BLUE DOME



THE VALLEY ROSES

I.

Between the Balkans and Sredna Gora,
In the Valley of Roses the sunbeams lay.
The Valley is sweet with the perfume of bloom
Of the Rose Damascena from sunrise till gloom.
But the flowers to be culled for the Otto of Roses
Are plucked at the dawn when the cool dew reposes
In sleep enchantment upon the fair blushes
Of rose sprays as lithe as the willowy rushes,

II.

My heart glides away with my dreamy thoughts
bent
On that Vale of Bulgaria. With rapture intent
I live 'neath the blue of those skies far-away,
While my senses are bathed in the wealth of the day.
O! the scenes of the blossoms, God given, to me,
Speak of vistas on earth,—of a heaven to be;
And the dream—who can tell?—in the future may
grow
Into billowy blossoms,—hope's vision aglow!

III.

Fair Valley of Roses! A month thy pure face—
From the middle of May—leaves indelible trace
Of riches of peace I would gladly array
In the battle for bread in this clime far away.
E'en the cheat in the turmoil, which rages without
The senses a moment, is a boon without doubt.
So I dream of thy dew-laden roses of May
Where the sun wakes the morns by the Sredna Gora

MT. GREтна

Walled in by Nature's graceful hand,
Lake Conewago's smiling face
The sun reflects,—the verdant strand
Bedecked with primroses; you trace
Her winding form by point, in bay
Where shadows dwell the livelong day.

What matters care? Here shady dell
Bespeaks the hour's ease; here birds
To cooing mates their rapture tell,
And rippling springs, thoughts back of words;
Year after year their liquid flows,—
From crystal, blushes forth the rose.

Who love thy haunts? Who know thee best,
Mt. Gretna, can but feel the glow
Of life and health and placid rest?
Chautauqua, seeds of action sow
To-day and then, when other eyes
Shall feast on thee in glad surprise.

I would my pen might paint thy skies
In tints that warm the heart with song!
Could it but snatch from paradise
A scene, what dreams would throng
About thy hallowed grounds, ah! ah!
Thou mind, heart, life-gift, Chautauqua.

APRIL

Talk is cheap, I hear you say;
Work is work and play is play;
Summer suns don't shine upon
April days till day is done;
Showers sprinkle, clouds hang low
O, for blithesome May day's glow!

Riley sings of lovely June;
Vaunts her praises to the moon;
Makes her part and parcel of
Heavens' gifts, where mists dissolve
Into halos, songs atune,—
Rarest, fairest, perfect June!

May be suns don't fizz and sizz
On my merry April's Phiz.;
May be honey bees don't flit
'Neath umbrella leaflets, sit,
Drink the honeyed juices, spoon
The spinster cowslips fair of June.

But I vow when April showers
Pink Arbutus, blue the flowers
(Johnny-Jump-Ups) with the store
Of the heaven's hanging o'er,
I am always fain to sing
April's good enough for spring.

Spreads the apple-bloom above
Where in budding dreams my love
Sits. The crocus fills the bower
With her golden face; the hour
Flits. The violet tells the lay
Of our hearts this April day.

"Anticipation—Full Possession."
Argued, battled,—great contention!
May and June are flooded noon;
Dawning morn, this April, boon
Companion of growing dreams
Ripened in these balmy beams.

Bursting life at dawn of day;
Zephyr kisses; twinkling spray;
Rarest dews on grassy lawns,

Tender, fresh as glance of fawn's
From her ivy mantled wood,
Where the dreamy sunbeams brood.

Sing, oh, birds! your anthems raise!
Sing, oh, Earth, thy budding praise!
Bride of Sun, thy warm heart glows,
Heaves with hope awakened! Flows
The streams in laughter, rippling by,
Smiles her truth,—the imaged sky!

Nature opens wide her doors,
Floods the earth with music; pours
Into streams her jewels bright,
Dewdrops caught in silver light;
Sprays of life from everywhere
Fan the pulsing, flushing air.

And when twenty-twos and threes
Mark the calendar, the trees
Shooting tufts of green and white,
Gold and pink—"she's out of sight."
Just the budding, blushing, gay
Sweet-Sixteen—My April day.

A SUNRISE

O, message sweet! O, joy of life and love!
Be thou my guide to realms of peace above!

Lo! I behold the dawn, and far on high
Floats out on wings my glad thanksgiving cry.

Yon bird afloat but stops to catch the gleam
Of jeweled East and bear to copse and stream,

Where liquid pure kisses its beak and plume,
And murmurs thanks to bird and bush in bloom.

See where yon cloud with tinted veins floats free,
A limpid isle within an azure sea.

Now brighter beams of dawning day appear
O'er mountain's brim and hamlet nestling near.

The lengthening streaks pierce far the arched skies,
And reach and touch the moon that northward lies;

While rising breeze proclaims the birth of day,
Into my heart flashes life's cheering ray.

O, message sweet! O, joy of life and love!
E'er be my guide to realms of light above!

EASTER MORNING

'Twas on that first, primæval morn,
When silver light from gloom was torn;
When God, the Universal, furled
The wings of night athwart our world;
When "Let there be," and daylight fell
Upon the earth; and all was well.

Yet in the midst of sheen was brought
The universe—expanded thought;
I will create a nature fair
To people this expanse of air;
And man shall rule in power clad,—
My image; good should rule the bad.

But while He yet thought on the fair
Creation of this primal pair,
Hell learned the will of mighty God,
And thought to lead where satan trod,
These souls created,—free from vice—
A false, revengeful sacrifice!

'Twas then that He who rules the storm,
Who bids the ocean keep her form,
Bethought Himself, and with his Son
Held converse precious;—*life was won!*—
And we all, dead before He died,
Now live since He was crucified.

O, happy morn when Juda's star
Shed radiance on the hills afar!
O, happy they who came and found
In swaddling cloths the child Christ bound!
O, happy earth, that, filled with light,
Must thrill with music Christmas night!

O, happy they who felt the touch
Of Him who loved erring so much!
O, happy eyes that saw the glow
Of heaven melt their hearts of snow!
O, happy ears, again, again,
To hear the blessed, "Good will to men!"

O, precious treasure to the heart
A-bowed with grief! the veil apart
Was rent for me; for me the thorn,
The piercing thorn for me was borne!
For me the weary form the cross
To Calvary bore, to burn the dross.

But happier still to know the tomb—
Too narrow bounds—the sullen gloom—
Was broken with the dawn of day,
That Easter morn, earth's "Holy Day."
Happy beyond expression's plea,
Christ lives: in you, my brother? me?

Since then the light of Easter morn
Has cheered the fainting heart; has torn
From death his sting, the grave her goal;
And sped on tireless wing the soul

To heaven's gate. O, Easter Day,
We prize thy gift! 'tis Christ, our way.

O, Easter morn! What hearts sore tried,
With sorrow filled, because He died!
O, Easter morn! A-breaking fair
On tear dimmed eyes and rended hair!
O, Easter morn! Who dreamed of this
Light, dawning light, with heaven's bliss!

Methinks the flowers felt the gloom
That reigned about the sealéd tomb.
The tears caught in their chalice fell
From grief-wrung Nature,—mystic spell!
The birds in silence thread the leaves
Of low-hung gloomy cypress trees!

O, mystic hour when shadows caught
The whisper of the dawn, and fraught
With silence, stole to realms afar,
To fill the perfume laden air
With richer strains of music than
Had ever sung the ears of man!

O, mystic hour! O, mystic lay!
A chant of far-off yesterday;
O, happy hearts that beat above
The conquered tomb! O, wondrous love,
To prompt to death; to fill the gloom
With radiance from the broken tomb!

THE THOUSAND ISLE

(To Her Whom I Love.)

[Written upon the back of an uncollected R. R.
return ticket].

Do you remember, my love, this slip?
Do you remember the days?
The rambles? the rocks? the island ship?
The countless Isles? and the bays,
Where we drifted free from the world, all trim,
In our boat on the whispering ripples' brim?

Those days! those nights! my Heart's Desire!
A crystal palace sphere!
The melting moon, the waves to tire,
Lay deep in the waters clear;
And the million stars in the sober sea
Of waters rippling for you and me!

And the thousand songs from the thousand isles,
In their thousand mystic barks!
The fresh love caught in your beaming smiles,
Your eyes like the dancing sparks
On the water's breast; your lips of love
Alive to the touch of mine above!

O! the dancing light, and the wave's caress
On the rocks beneath our prow!
Your heart to mine; (our eyes confess
To the moon our marriage vow!)
The banquet of love where the lilies dip
Their snow-white plumes by the T. I. P.

THE CALLA LILY.

Have you heard the story told,
Of the lily's crown of gold;
How upon the Easter morn
On the snowy sheath 'twas born?
How the lily by the tomb
Opened forth its wealth of bloom?

This the story: On that day
When the dear, dead Saviour lay
In his lodgings hewn from stone,
Grew the lily all alone,
Trusting that the Lord would smile
On its waiting afterwhile.

"For," said it, "to-morrow morn
Is the third day since the thorn
Pierced the brow of Him within;
And He said the source of sin
Was in fearing, doubting; He
Said that faith was chastity.

"So I'll greet Him as the door
Opens from the tomb before;
See Him smile that earth should know
Him the Son of God below,—
We the flowers know and feel
His divinity, and kneel."

This the calla lily thought
In its heart of hearts, and sought
To the Saviour, dear, to be
Type of faith and purity;
To be waiting on its Lord,
Trusting wholly in His word.

Came the angel bright at day,
Broke the seal, and rolled away
From the tomb the heavy stone,
Sat upon 't, a kingly throne:
While from out the gloom God's Son,
Risen, came forth; life was won.

But the lily bowed its head,
Let the radiance round it spread
Should its sight in fever seal.
See the gentle Saviour kneel
By its side and kiss the flower,
Type of resurrection hour.

For in it with meekness crowned,
Purity and peace abound.
See! the kiss upon its brim
Left a golden-tinged rim.
Thus to-day it wears the gem
Of the Babe of Bethlehem.

THE AFTERGLOW

Only a mite of a flower, tipped
With its tracings of purple and gold;
Caught in its chalice, sunshine was sipped,
As much as the heart could hold.

The summer zephyrs music played
In the tiny, threaded cup,
In the hedgerow's side, in the orchard shade,
Where the cool spring bubbles up.

Two hearts were opened to thee;—a song
Of love—each went its way;
Each toiled alone 'mid the heedless throng
On earth's strange passage-way.

But thou had'st been to them a boon;
For the heart, alone, must break,
If it find no ear the brightest noon
Or the darkness night to take.

* * * * *

The sun has dropped in his orbit now;
The birds have flown away;
The ghost of the summer's leafy bough
Sways, groans through the livelong day.

Yet summer's perfumed days are here
In thy folds; the sunny leas,
Wall-rimmed by the mountains blue, appear.
And the stretch of the rippling seas;

The dip of the oars, the flapping sail,
White-winged, in the harbor bay;
The flash of the sea-gull's glossy mail;
The laughter of childhood's day;

The tinkle of bells, the lowing herd;
The blooms of the clover red;—
O! what emotions of bliss! what word
Can speak to the heart a-wed

To nature's touch? Thou, little gem,
That brook'st the frosty night,
Fair honeysuckle,—a diadem
A-culled from the summer bright,

O! could we but learn from thee the truth;
In the summer of love to cull
A golden sheaf from the joys of youth
For the dreary afterlull,

When the heart is sick with the lagging days,—
Hope's fires burning low!—
Then would our lives through the cherished rays
Reflect an afterglow.

THE MAELSTROM



MEMORIAL POEM

Tears for the brave! Once battle's roar
The breath of dying heroes bore!
To-day in peace we bank the flowers
Upon the graves of theirs and ours;
The Grey long fought for what they saw
As Liberty's most cherished law.

In barracks, field, on river, plain,
Beneath the scorching sun, in rain,
The boys in Blue gave up their lives,
And won; the Union still survives.
Then strife the father tore from son;
To-day our hopes commingled run.

O, South, forget the feud of death,
And breathe anew the pulsing breath
Of life begun 'neath your fair sky!
O, North, the hopes, the destiny
Of that for which your sons have bled
Hang on a single, trembling thread.

Forbear, O, South! Forbear, O, North!
O, Union! What is union worth,
If under palm of power run
The vices of a race begun
In freedom's light? Let honor be
Our nation's life, our liberty!

Then shower blossoms on the grave
Of hero; let our emblem wave
From gulf to lake, from sea to sea,
And speak the patriot's joy to be
A sharer in this vast domain
Of wealth of forest, river, plain!

Help us, O, God, to live our part,
That joy may fill the nation's heart;
That purity may dwell within
The body-politic; begin
Thy reign; through chaos ope the bars
Of day upon our stripes and stars.

ONLY

Only a smile when the way was dark,
And the sunshine burst to view;
Only a touch when the heart was lone,
And the soul felt there were two
That were traveling the mountain pathway steep,
With its treacherous gulches dark and deep.

Only a word when caution failed,
And the truth prevailed again;
Only a clasp of a horny hand,
But it said: "My brother, when
The battle breaks and the bullets fly
A trusty friend is watching nigh."

Only a, "God be with you, dear,"
But it rang till the days had passed;
Only a song, but its memory
Sank deep in the heart to last
Till life's sharred threads in heaven found
Re-echoing sweetly its hallowed sound.

Only! My friend, in this dream of life,
The "Onlys" are all we know;
To-day with its opportunities
Fades into the vesper glow,
Mellowing out into shadow of night
To brighten only with "Onlys" light.

DEEDS

Not what we think, nor what we say,
But what we do from day to day
Bears fruit. The thought may drop to earth,
Be buried deep; its very birth
May in oblivion be lost.
But deeds! ah! here we feel the cost;
For deeds, when done, can never be
Our own again; in sympathy,
The hearts and minds of men respond
To purest love, or foul despond.

'Tis true that thought leads on to speech,
Which, slipping o'er the tongue, must reach
The ears of men, for good or ill;
But as o'er speech and tone the will
By "form and motion" power is bent,
The deed speaks loudest in th' event:
And passions lying dormant may
Beneath a captain's will obey.

So, though 'tis well to bridle tongue
If praise thou'dst have in tribute sung;
And though 'tis best to guard the mote
That grows and hides; the deed, I vote,
Must e'er condemn, or justify,
When time is summed, and life is nigh.

ONE FROM THE RANKS

Not of Dewey, or Sampson, or Schley, or Bob, or
the vanquished Don;
Not of Nelson, the English Lord, Trafalgar's im-
mortal son;
Not of Sheridan, Grant, or Lee, or of Washington,
Frederick, or N.
I sing: for my song is a simple theme—just one of the
loyal men.

One from the ranks, no bard was he; no crown of
laurel entwined
His manly brow; no sceptered might found lodg-
ment in his mind.
Too noble for envy, too loyal for bribe, he followed
his conscience' lead;
He gave what he had,—an arm to strike for country
in her need.

A wife and baby his all in all! His all? O, rich man
he!
For they loved with a love few hearts can know—
a happy trinity;
Through longing and losing and winning had come
to peace and a sweet content;
They dwelt in the present, the future bore for them
no sad portent.

The cry, "War! War! The Nation's at need!" was
flung on the breeze's wing.
"Shall I go?" "Yes, John." "Would you have me
go?" "No matter the pitiless sting
Of days of trembling and anxious life, you know
your duty's call."
He asked; though he knew the patriot heart abating
beneath it all.

"Good-by, dear Love; good-by, sweet babe; it is
well she cannot know
Just yet the ache in our hearts to-day; don't waken
the dear, no, no!
She'll scarcely know me when I come back; but tell
her of papa's love.
And now,—God bless you, my spirit wife; should
I come not, we'll meet above."

"O, the days are long and the nights are long, and
each hour's a dreary age;
But I'll keep the cottage snug and trim for my dear
boy's anchorage.
Three years, my Pet; yes, three to-day since he kissed
you as you lay
In your crib: you can't remember, but O, he loved
us so, dear May!

"And he's coming back to his darlings soon,—in a
month, at most; they say
He has earned his stripes, our soldier lad,—your
father, my darling May:
My husband earned them; I'm sure, for he, though
his name's unknown to fame,
Has done what a man can do, and will, for country
and home's dear name.

"They gave him a medal of purest gold and shoulder
straps, he said
In the letter he wrote, and he sent a kiss to his prec-
ious little maid.
And O, he is coming! my heart is full! And O, that
the day were here!
A message for me, my man, you say? from the front?
My God! O! hear!

" 'Shot while rescuing a comrade!' shot! 'He died
with your name on his lips,
And his baby's and God's.' O, life is full of dregs,
while the froth one sips.
O, I am weary, my babe, my babe! for we, we must
walk alone.
But God, God knows; dear babe, dear babe, in heav-
en we'll meet our own!"

AUF WEIDERSEHN

Auf weidersehn! auf weidersehn!
Why must I 'neath your spell
Break my poor heart in dreams
That never lived, nor will?
Why must my pulses start,
While brain with seething fire
Conjures thoughts never felt?

Auf weidersehn! auf weidersehn!
Thy strains must sure have meant
Some boon longed for, but lost;
The smile of pleasure dimmed
At recollections sore
That "till we" would not come.

Auf weidersehn! auf weidersehn!
Beneath thy hidden lay
What pent in hearts have beat!
For in the future who
Can know his heart's desire,—
His bark in storm or calm?

Auf weidersehn! auf weidersehn!
Thou bringest to my mind
The precious, wandering flowers
That budded but to die;
The sigh for toil in vain;
The labor spent; the tears
That fall on mossy mounds.

Auf weidersehn! auf weidersehn!
When shall we meet, my hopes,
My visions, children of
My life's long felt desires?
Will come a day that I
Shall clasp again my own,
Own images full blown?

Auf weidersehn! auf weidersehn!
In some fair haven, we
Shall meet again I know,
All that we longed for here.
We'll greet, in Eden's field,—
Our gems, our loved and true,—
But growing, budding fair
Until we meet again.

IN PRAYERFUL MOOD

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

Behold the Lord in majesty! He stands
At heaven's door half ope'd,
Views the dim waste of darkness stretching out—
Illimitable, solemn, vast—
Unbroken by a solitary ray,
Save that from Him who thither stood,
And looked upon the darkness. He
Was bathed in brightness magnified
By the dense gloom of the universe.
His form—it were a sacrilege
To frame description into words of man.
Crystal the light of all the suns of night
And day; now add the light of countless worlds
To man unknown; collect it all
For ages numberless—the glow—
And into one brief millionth part
Of time a tenth of moment long
Concentrate all. The brilliancy
Of Him, the All-Wise, far outshines
The latter pigmy beam.

As underneath the frozen deep
The tundras' beds, all ice-bound, lie
The souls of life in countless seeds
That wait the herald-dawn, to vie
In perfume, flowers of sunnier clime,
They touched with kindness; these with death;
When king frost lifts the shroud, the seeds
Shall hearken to awakening breath;
As from the sands of ocean spring —
From germs how old no tongue may know—
The slender stalk, the seaweed spread;
Did winds or rains or seasons sow?
All planting—all the ages hence may hide
Reveals in truth the truth to man's full sense,
God knows His ways; and Time will tell
His agency. By Him 'tis all wrought well.

So as He stood—O, grandest theme
That ever on man's imagery
Left traces!—underneath, below,
To left, to right, a countless realm
Of pulsing, throbbing atoms tossed;
Fair opportunity for might
And majesty omniscient!
Or here, or there, the swirling mass
Of particles repellent; bound
But by dim ether, endless space—
Calm in the tossing, seething sea,
Hear Him who spake the worlds to form:
"Let there be light!"

O, mighty depths
Of hidden gloom reveal thy germs!
O, mighty forces of the sea,
Of unentrammeled matter, list!
He speaks, the Might-All, the Lord!
As rolls the curtain of the night;
As dawn, the sombre depths of sky
Melts into blush of rosy morn;
As from the rift of thunder-cloud,
That mantles o'er the shuddering earth,
The sun bursts forth, His cerements
From fringed black to bridal changed;
As after full eclipse of sun
When strong hearts quake and nature weeps,
The light of life and love again
Encircles earth in warm embrace;
As when the heart in slough of grief
Sees hope a-glimmer on the tide;
So—but that these are mortal—that
First dawn of day when God spoke light
Began developing, to grow
Till universe of worlds His power
Proclaimed, and sang Time's dawning hour!
First, glints of light, the vapor bent
In cycles ending but with Time;

O'er all the hand of mighty God;
The diamond sparkle of the spheres,
As yet in infancy, remote.
What gentle light, what incense rare
To power, to influence divine!
As diamond, catching diamond's fire,
Grows radiant in the cluster's light;
As countless strings take up the strain
One cord gives life; so, far and near
The soft light grows, the anthem swells
Till day and harmony, in one,
Fills all the firmament, and tells
To seraph ears, Time has begun.

WHEN MY SUN SETS

May the sun of morning breaking
Fall on flowers drenched in dew;
May his midday beams in splendor
Fire the heart with hopes anew;
May the afternoon of summer
Flood fair lawn and minarets,
In its marriage day of glory,
When my sun sets.

If must drift the shade of sadness
Into every human life;
If the eyes must dim—grow sightless
With the bitterness of strife;
Let it flood my memory sleeping,
Fill my years with sad regrets;
But I pray the sky be cloudless
When my sun sets.

In the morning let me gather
What of harvest I may reap,
Be it but a single flower
From the rugged ways and steep;

Let me sketch for memory's study
Tracings that the heart begets,
When the day has spent his vigor—
When my sun sets.

At the noontide, cup of water
To the thirsty let me bring;
Let me pluck the dart transfixing
Fainting heart, the throbbing string,
Calm with tender touch of pity,
Cool with tears, transform regrets;
Light the soul to distant Aideun;
When my sun sets.

What if wealth has brought position
What if labor brought me fame;
If no human being ever
In his prayers repeats my name?
* * * * *

God, I pray, in mercy grant me,
Though my neighbor me forgets,
Peace of evening, twilight folding,
When my sun sets.

IF WE KNEW ALL

If we knew all!
O, sad—glad words, "If we!"
We want—we do not want—
To know just all!

If we knew all!
Doubtless these days of gloom
Would be a radiant crown,
If we knew all.

If we knew all!
Would partings seem so sore,
Would shadows blind our eyes,
If we knew all?

If we knew all,
We'd bide the dreary waste
Between this and our dreams;
Then learn it all.

If we knew all!
What hopes must turn to dreams,
What dreams to hopes, we'd wait
To know it all.

If we knew all!
How sunshine follows shade,
How efforts fruit must bear,
We'd trust it all.

If we knew all!
For us a purer faith,
A fuller trust must spring,
If we knew all!

If we knew all!
Beneath the broken sobs
Would glide a stream of peace,
If we knew all.

If we knew all!
Gods knows, and He knows best.
Can we not trust His grace
Till we know all?

I AM NOT SURE

I am not sure when the light will come,
Or come it early, or come it late;
But I know till then I will struggle on
Toward the wicket-gate.

I know not what is in store for me,
Or whether sorrow, or whether joy;
But I'll toil in the vineyard of life; may be
He'll pity, and stamp alloy.

I know not whither my feet may run,
For my flesh is weak and my strength is small—
Or whether the narrow way, or one
That leads where the cypress shadows fall.

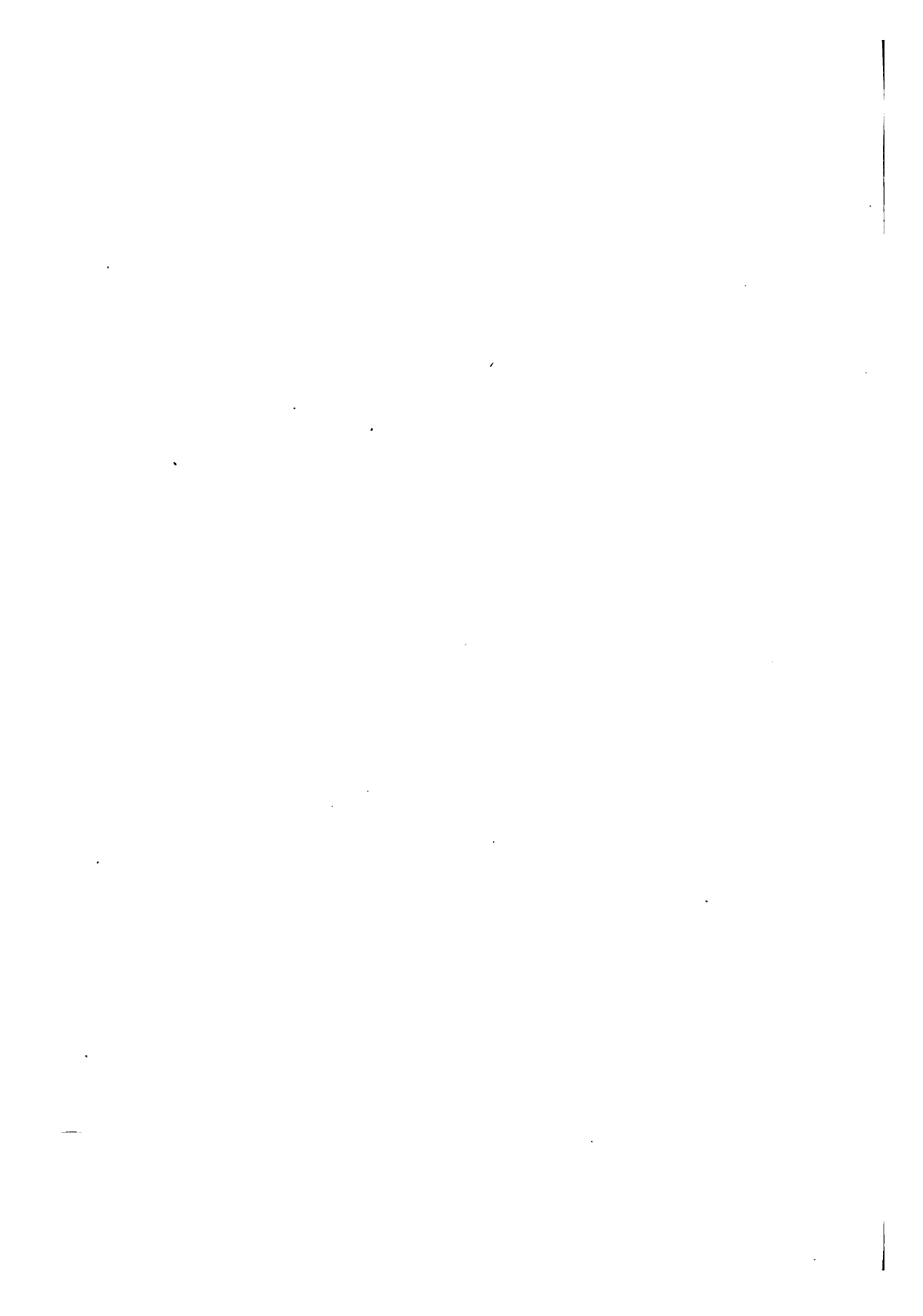
Sometimes I wish that the way was clear;
Sometimes I sorrow for what I know:
Soon! Soon! Shall I reap but the bitter tear?
Will He say to the poor, frail mortal, "Go?"

"Go in?" or, "Go out?" I know but this;
In His vineyard I'll toil in my own weak way;
He may find a place in His home of bliss
For me in His merciful way.

For my heart is right; 'tis the flesh is weak;
And who can tell as well as I
What it is to shiver amidst the bleak,
The overhanging sky?

Judge not, dear Lord; in Thy mercy spare:
Help, help me to reach what I fain would be.
I'll struggle on; do Thou the tare
Purge; fit me to dwell with Thee.

IN PLAYFUL MOOD



MY HARVEST WHISTLE

O, I take a stalk of barley,
Or, of rye, a full-grown joint;
And I cut at node, and trim it
With my razor-like knife point.
Then an inch below I cut the stalk
'Most half way through the tube,
And I split it down with careful hand,
A reed of barley rude.
Next I lift the 'snap' up gently
Till it stands like door ajar,
But just enough to let the breath
Pass 'neath the tuning bar.

O, fair creation! boyhood's joy!
Or will, or will it not
Give forth the sound I know so well,
Below the garden lot?
I place the reed within my lips,
And they with tender care
Caress the tube, while music flows
Upon the willing air.

Thus I make my barley whistle
And I chant my heart's content
In the "creek of childhood's pleasure,"
Without leave; on license bent.
Free am I, no bird is freer—
From the tyranny of looks,
O, for boyhood's days and sunshine,
Never heard nor seen in books!

THE DAYS WITH NOTHIN' SPECIAL TO DO

O, I like the days with the dreamy haze,—
The days with nothin' special to do;
I like to work, but I like the laz—
—Y days with nothin' to do
The rain drips down through the golden sprays
Like the thoughts that sift through the by-gone
days,
In these days with nothin' special to do.

The winds sigh low and a rustle keep,
In these days with nothin' special to do;
The eaves of the cottage and bird-house weep,
On these days with nothin' special to do,—
These rainy days with their load of care
Trickling down through the chincks of the atmo-
sphere,—
These days with nothin' special to do.

When the sun shines bright—'tis another thing
On these days with nothin' special to do!—
I'm up with the lark, in the busy spring;
But these days with nothin' special to do
Jes' rests my soul when the labor's done,
And the clouds hang low from sun to sun,—
These days with nothin' special to do.

The back must bend and the joints must ache;
But these days with nothin' special to do
Makes me feel that life has its give and take;
For these days with nothin' special to do
Recall the days when we used to be
As free as the waves on the summer sea.
An' I jes' rest now in the dreamy haze
A dreamin' again of the by-gone days,—
The days with nothin' special to do.

"PLEASE, MISTER, A FLOWER!"

"Please, mister, a flower," the urchin said;
 'Twas only a daisy of white and gold—
And I gave in the little, grimy hand
 As many buds as the fist would hold;
And I watched the smile as it played about
 The mouth erewhile in a childish pout.

"Please, mister, a flower!" a little girl,
 With eyes of heaven's own perfect blue,
And meshes of hair in tangled curl,
 Asked soft, afraid of her voice I knew.
I gave her a bunch of buttercups
 With sunshine filled at their morning sups.

"Please, mister, a flower!" the buds will start
 And blossom a wholesomer flood of bloom.
For where the sermon in whole, or part,
 Can chase from the trodden the deep'ning gloom
Like the smile of God on this earth of ours
 In its answering echo of simple flowers!

"Please, mister, a flower!" we, fuller grown,
 Are ever seeking the selfsame boon;
We grasp the coveted prize; alone,
 We ponder, and grow to its image soon.
God grant it be a ministering touch
 From the land of flowers, loved so much!

TO A HOUSE-MOUSE

(Which did not have the graces of Bobby B.'s.)

No little quivering, cowering "beastie;"
An imp of Hades sure, at least; he
Scampers over floor and chair,
This Beelzebub of teeth and hair
And saucy mien and clattering feet,
This pesky, pest, pestiferous beast.

I barricade his entrance; fleet, he
Scales, surmounts each difficulty;
I "shoo" and "hiss;" a quiet falls,
Fair peace descends on battered walls.
But ere I snooze, that horrid "beastie"
Wakes up the gloom with pattering "feetie."

O, Bobby Burns, how could you spin
So much of sympathy within
Your, "To a Mouse?" Your Scotch "mousie,"
True, claimed descent from family tree
Far different from these that wear
My nerves and patience thin as air.

Fair Scotch "mousie," in nest of hair,
Maybe thou'rt coy and debonair;
But when thy cousins run the house,
(Bob also wrote rhymes to a louse)
I'll say my say to Pan, "Away,
We will not arbitrate to-day."

For though thy "breastie" throbs with fear,
We see thy earmarks far and near:
The more we see, thee, noisome "beastie,"
The more we wish Wah Ling a "feastie;"
We feel, indeed, full deep impressed
To give thy mousehood endless rest.

So, mighty Mars, bring forth thy steel,
And play the "ten-spot;" make him feel
Thy pangs remorseless. Tune thy lyre,
O, Pan, and sing of rampage dire
Undone, o'ercome,—and peace and bees
And mouseless realms, while dreams appease.

"A TIME TO LET GO"

Pearl of the morning! evening's breath!
Gem of the household's dream of wealth!
"The man who wins in the race is he
Who sticks to his bush."

Enlightened be:
There's a time to let go. Don't misunderstand;
A world of truth's in the maxim grand
And good—but the minds of men approve
Of a little variation.

Prove
But this to my reason, "I'm at my best,"
And I'll ply the bush and trust the rest.
But when I find that the way is clear
To a better job, I'll quit.

The cheer
Is for the man who stakes his claim
And works it well till bigger game
Attracts his notice; he'd be a "mule"
If he didn't change at once.

To pule
Over "tailings" is nonsense sheer —
With nuggets in sight; make the reason clear,
And I'll risk the hand I hold, though flush,
To change my bush in fortune's blush.

* * *

In Business:

Do merchants "stick" just as they stuck
In those dear days of the past good luck?
They'd soon be "stuck" did they always stick,
For Fickle Dame Fortune would play them a
trick.

In Literature:

Is Rhetoric the same, do you think?
Just look up your "obsoletes," link upon link:
Through Chaucer you chew! O, Shakespeare! the
stuff
You must mentally masticate! Truly, 'tis bluff.

In Customs:

I own that a Greek gown would fit
My taste to a T; but I scarce think the "spit"
The equal of bright aluminium ware,
Or the three-legged stool the rival of chair.

In Politics:

Well, we'll just leave that batch out;
For a fledged politician's the same, without doubt,
Be it yesterday, then, in the sweet long ago,
Or to-day—he's a hog and the devil, you know—

But in most of the other professions of life,
(The "political hog" roots the best in the strife!)
When your "bush" is not filled to your liking, and
you
Find another that's laden with better fruit—true

To your nature, the most will you be if you "cut"
The false dogma through, annihilate;—shut
Your ears to the venerated "worm-eaten" fad,
And let go; take express; and don't be a "cad."

For though "Stick to your bush" is a motto of gold,
We all must admit, 'tis a "leetle bit" old;

And it fails to suggest that a time may arrive
When 'tis best to "move on" if one hopes to survive.

(Suggested at a blackberry-picking, when the bushes were not laden.)

W'EN WE WAS BOYS.

I've jes' been hard a-thinkin' late
About the ways the boys acts now—
Fer I've a boy! I kakilate
They's driftin' overboard somehow;
Mebby I'm wrong,—I wish I was;
No special good, the way boys does.

Say, Pete, w'en we wus boys, d'ye think
We sassed 'z much 'z boys does now?
Uv course, we hed a-lots uv fun,
'N', mebbby, now an' then a row;
But' barrin' all them boyish ways,
Was we 'z 'tarnal mean 'z they iz?

I'm not a-blamin' boys 'z much
'Z them 'at hez their bringin' on;
Ef I jes' hed the chance t' reach
Them payrents, ev'ry mother's son
Uv them would feel my argyment
In tender spots—'Thout comment.

Ye say ye guesses boys 're like,
Creation roun'? Well, I'll agree;
But, then, I've come fer t' b'lieve
They's changed a lot sens you 'n' me
Was wolloped ef we didn't min
Our p's 'n q's 'n manners fine.

W'y, now a boy's a grown-up man
In 'is own min' afore 'e's eight;
'E chaws 'n' smokes 'n' lies 'n' swears,
'N' tramps th' streets at night till late;
'Is pap 'e calls "old boy" 'n' "boss,"
'N' swears his d—n w'en 'e gits cross.

O, I hev all respekt fer boys,
Their little w'ims 'n' little tricks;
But w'en they tries t' run the ranch,
I'm in fer usin' 'em air sticks
We use ter see upon the rack,
'N' hear 'em buzzin' with a thwack.

My boy, 'z fur 'z I kin see,
Jes' feels the same 'z we did then;
Fer eddication larns the min',
But pain trains boys t' be good men.
I b'lieve in both, 'n' kin'ness too;
But blin' kin'ness 'll never do.

Noo-fangled ways, they may be right
'Ithin their sp'ere, but, 'z I see,
Boys' manners now-a-days 'z not
Respec'ful 'z they use ter be.
So, I sez: halt, y're off your track,
Jes' stiddy up, 'n take a tack.

FOR CHILDHOOD EARS



'CAUSE IT'S CHRISTMAS

'Cause it's Christmas, Santa Claus
Always acts the way he does;
 Works all the year at making toys,
 Dolls for girls and sleds for boys;
Horses, cradles, wagons, balls,
Houses with the cutest walls
 Made of painted bricks, and white
 Chimneys, lit up Christmas night.

Christmas trees! I wonder where
Santa grows them all,—somewhere.
 And his reindeer, how they fly
 Over housetops, through the sky!
Why don't Mrs. Santa come
With him now I wonder; some
 Night I'll watch; for, may be, she
 Does come round with good Santee.

Wish 'twas Christmas all the days,—
Candies, cookies, nuts always;
 Trees with pop-corn, dates, and figs,
 Lit with candles on the twigs.
But I think of all he brings
In his pack of Christmas things,
 I like books about the best,
 Full of pictures,—*with the rest.*

So, dear Santa, please, I write,
Bring some books on Christmas night.

THE ENGINE-MAN

The engine-man's the big boss man,
He bosses the engine 'n train;
He pulls the handle that turns the wheels
Around 'n' around again.
Ef ever I grows ter be a man,
I'll engineer like Uncle Dan.

He runs the engine 'n' shovels the coal,
'N' takes the tickets when people ride;
Fer the road don't pay fer men ter loaf
The manager says. But I kin ride
Fer nothin' 'ith him; 'n' I rings the bell,
'N' I pulls the whistle, 'n' acts the swell.

So, when I grows up, like Uncle Dan,
You bet I'll be an engine-man.

THE SICK DOLL

What shall I do, for Dolly is sick?
Dr. Curem, come, O, come quick,
And give my dolly some catnip-tea,—
With a stick of peppermint candy for me,—
And I'll rock her to sleep in her cradle so,
For my sick little dolly is sleepy I know.
Bylo, baby; baby bye;
Dr.'s coming, Pet; don't cry:
Bylo, baby- bye.

FAIRYLAND

Come, Pet, let us go where the lilies grow
And the swans on the water float;
Where the waves below on the white sands flow,
'Neath the tiniest fairy boat;
And I'll catch you a sunbeam and tie it so—
To my bonny Pet's bright ribbon bow.

Now, Pet, you look like the little book—
What it told of the sunny elf,—
How frowns forsook ; for the cosiest nook
Was kept for the smile itself,
Which wreathed the delicate rosebud lips,
And feasted us with the sweetest sips.

O, Pet, don't you think that 'tis better to drink
The sunshine than the shade?
Let the dewdrops sink in my precious pink,
My pink-cheeked little maid ;
And down we'll go where the wavelets flow
And the lilies and fairy blossoms blow.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN

What will I do when my ship comes in,
When my longed for ship comes in?

I'll wrap you up in the moonbeam's light,
And take you asailing away in the night
To the land of stars,—what a wondrous sight!
We'll visit the mystical land of dreams,
Afloat on the tide of the Sand Man's streams,
Where he gathers his pearls in the moonlight beams.

And mamma will sing us her sweetest note,
As we sail away in our fairy boat,
A song that ripples with hope and love,
We three afloat, and the stars above.

And O, the joy when we lovers three
Go sailing out on life's dreamy sea!
We'll drop the burdens that weight us down,
Forget in our joy the once-thorn crown:
The frown exchange for the smile, we three,
To live in life's dreamiest harmony.

For we've sailed away,
Dear Loves, to-day
In our boat on the moonlit sea.

THE FARMER-MAN

O, I'd love ter be a farmer-man;
I'd plow, 'n' harrer, 'n' drive the span
On Sundays to church, with the hostler, you bet,
'N' sing with the anthem 'n' choir-duet.
'N' I'd snooze in the hammick 'n' under the trees
By the spring, 'n' the blossoms, 'n' big bumble-bees.

O, it's fun ter be—"But a farmer-man
Must work," y'u say? Well, I guess I can.
I'd work; but on holidays I'd fish
Fer turkles 'n' catfish 'z much 'z I wish;
'N' I'd climb the trees for the birds' eggs blue;
'N' I'd make mud-pies, 'n' the chickens shoo.

Would I go 'n' live? Would I feast my eyes
On pitchers fresh from a paradise!
'N' I'd feel the happiest, sun or rain,
Fer I'd have the whole of creation, plain.
O, I wouldn't care a pinch fer "stuff,"
Ef I wuz a farmer sure enough.

BABY LAND

In the land of the setting sun, my dears,
Is a castle of shining gold;
And fairies are flitting about, my dears,
And knights in their armor bold
Are clanking their scabbards loud, my dears,
And dancing, I am told.

They've carpet of velvety grass, my dears,
With flowers of golden hue;
And windows that look through the leaves, my dears,

Of the canopy green at you ;
And plenty of dainties and fruits, my dears,
And sunshine the whole day through.

The fairies' feet are as light, my dears,
As they tread the mossy floor,
As the breeze that tosses your curls, my dears ;
As the fall of the dew on the moor ;
As the fan of the swallows' wings, my dears,
When they skim o'er the waters pure.

And the songs that they sing are as sweet, my dears,
As the notes that drop from the lutes
Of the angel-bands that play, my dears,
In the hush of night ; and the flute's
Sweet carols flow from the stars, my dears.
Pure wine from celestial fruits.

In the land of the setting sun, my dears,
Are jewels,—diamonds, pearls ;
And the knights with lances and plumes, my dears,
And the maidens with sunny curls
Are children who in their homes, my dears,
Were good little boys and girls.

O, the land of the setting sun, my dears,
Is sweet ; would you like to go,
And see the flowers and birds, my dears,
And hear the music flow
From the harebell's rim in the dell, my dears,
Where the "Johnny-jump-ups" grow ?

Then do what your mamma says, my dears ;
Be kind to nurse, and papa ;
And study your lessons, and learn, my dears,
That right and duty are law ;
And then when the sun shines bright, my dears,
We'll visit this land with mamma.

A HIDDEN NAME

I've a rosy wee thing,
Round and ripe and sweet,
Mayday perfume bringing—
Apple blossom treat.

Boughs aswaying gently;
Light the shadows play;
All my heart rejoices,
Keeping time alway,
Each returning day.

Sunshine's gifts grow precious;
Time's swift feet beguile,
As we fondly cherish
Many a dimpled smile,—
Each a priceless jewel,
Yclept on earth erewhile.

You who know no smiling
Eyes to meet your own
May, perchance, may question
All of heaven's loan.
Touched with dearer meaning,
Some day you'll atone.

Earth will sing her anthem,
Kept in harmony,—
After weary watches,
Light upon the sea
Breaking—bliss to thee.

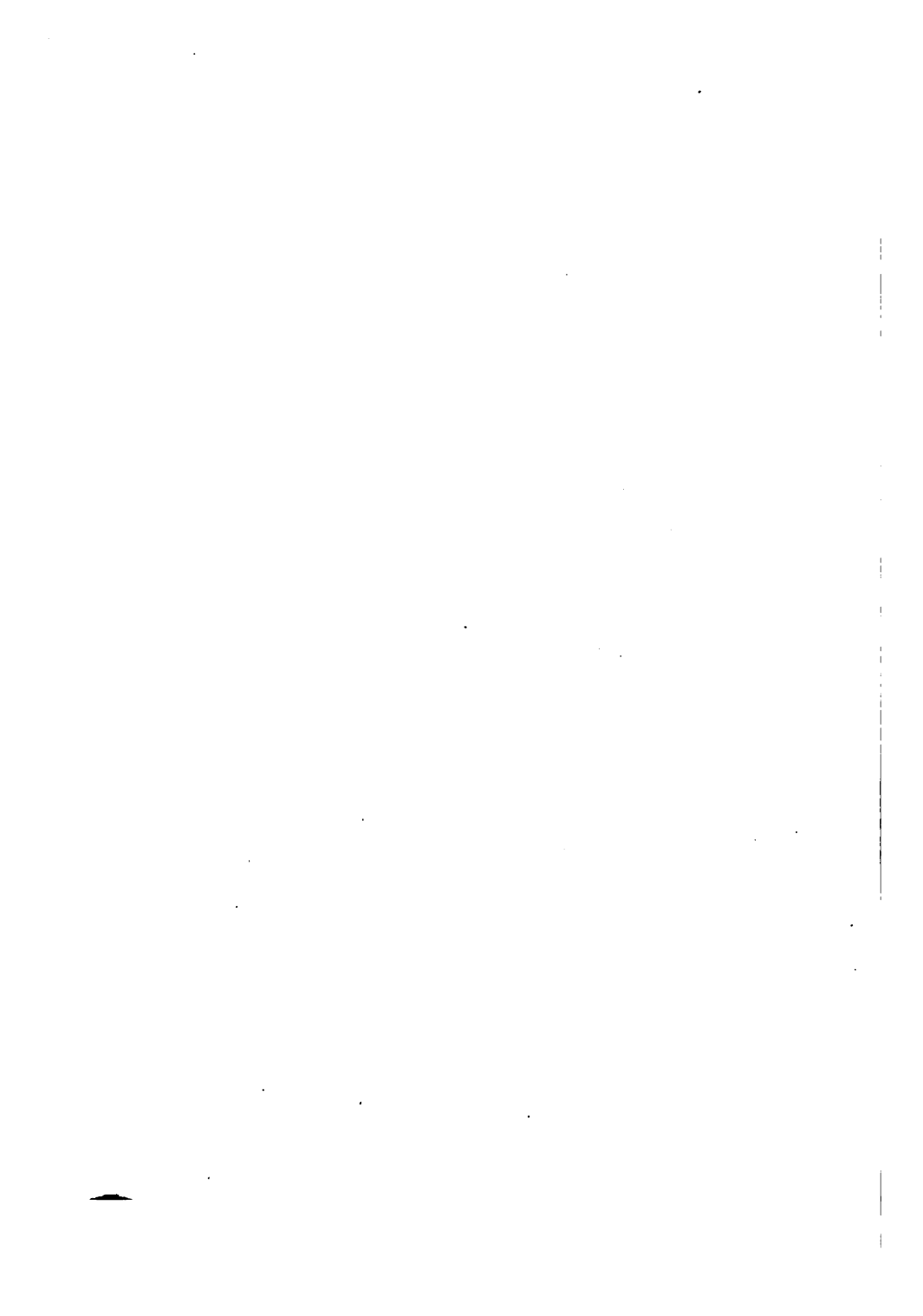
As the strains a-fleeting
Melt into the past,
Ring, joy bells of Heaven.
I first and I the last.

A HIDDEN NAME

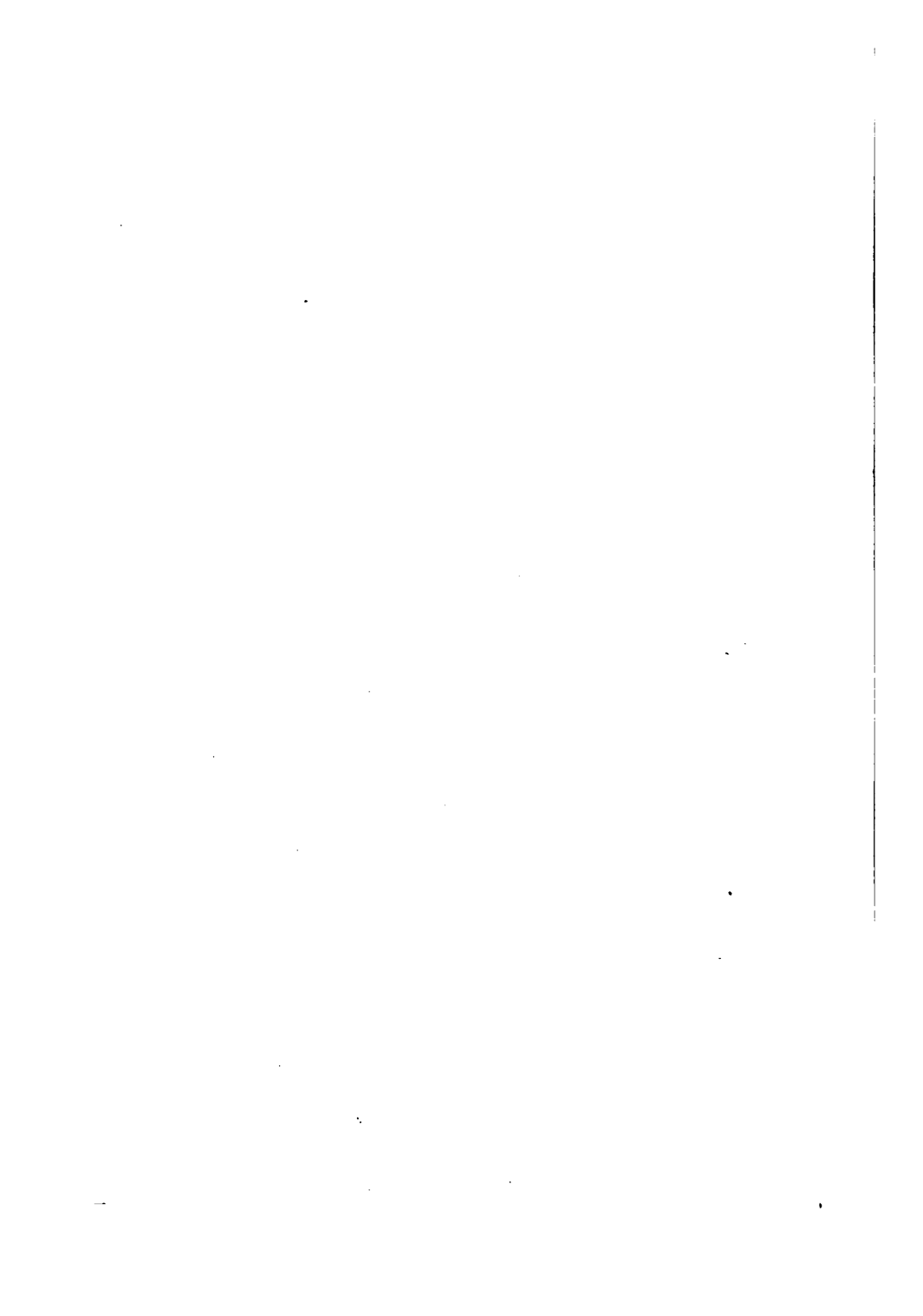
Came a modest little flower,
A sweet pansy from the mould,
Ringed with purple dress and mantle
Round a heart of purest gold;
In its bosom held a dewdrop,
Each as pure's e'er heavens told.

Many hearts forgot their pain;
Aching brows grew calm again;
Yearning souls heard bless'd amen.

Came into my life a dewdrop
Using all the sunshine there;
Robed my days with golden sunlight;
Round my dreams shed incense rare.
And within love's jeweled gate
Nevermore I doubting wait.



BREVITIES



AN AUTOGRAPH.

Out of the shadow
Into the light;
Out of the gloaming;
Out of the night;
Into the peace
Of perfect trust;
Into the joy,—
A life not lost.

Out of your life
Some incense fall
Into a lonlier
Heart's dark pall.
Shadows of "sometime"
Flee, and be
Herald of longed for
Eternity.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

As steals the shadows o'er the mould
When fleeing day on western crest
Smiles all her wealth of liquid gold,
And sends her kiss on zephyrs pressed;
As far beyond earth's vision glide
The hallowed thoughts of eventide;
Thus, friend, at eve when life takes wing
May heaven's garden incense fling
From doors unbarred—thou there to roam—
And angels bid thee, "Welcome Home!"

HOPE

But scenes and times and paths and hopes
Must change our blessed horoscopes.
Maybe we, in the flood of years,
May grasp the reason of our fears,
And bless the hand that sent us tears.
I'll trust that He who fashions life
Will shield the shuddering soul in strife;
Will rest my weary heart in peace
When, by-and-by,
He takes me to—with His release—
His home on high.

SOWING AND REAPING

You will reap what you sow
In this eden of ours;
In this hell of desires;
What you plant you must reap that I know.

Plant a seed of pure thought
In this garden of flowers;
In the far away hours
Reap the joy, a fair hope sweetly bought.

Sow the wild oats of youth
In the fair fields of death;
Breathe the poisonous breath
In the depths of your anguish,—no ruth.

Be the end what it will,
This I know,—surely know—
What you wilfully reap you must sow.
May God grant in the whirlwind of doubt and despair
To thine heart His rich peace, thy lone pathway
prepare,
And ever the wild storm king still;
Peace—peace to thy soul! Peace, be still!

SILVER LAKE

On thy bosom of silver to rest—
How blest!
Just swayed by thy ripples along
Of song!
Like an Eden in dreams,
The Utopian beams
Warm the closing—thy dying of day
Away.

The silence but broken by birds,—
What words!
And the rustling of trees and of flowers,—
What hours!
O, would that the feelings
Thou stirrest, the beings
Might penned be as scenes on my heart,
A part!

Is it joy in thy heart thou feelest?
Stealest
The pulse of the morning?—the noon,
A boon?
There is life in thy song
The woodland along,
Stealing slow by the shadows below;
Flow, flow!

Rest, rest, Silver Lake, in thy nest
Confessed!
No storms, but the sunshine above
Shall love;
The clouds in the deep for thy bed,
The trees for thy pillow, the sky overhead.
Rest, rest Silver Lake, in thy nest,
Confessed!

LINES AND LINES

Just a paper scribbled o'er,—
Baby's tracings; nothing more.
Just a letter from a son
Outward bound; the years swift run.
Just a letter from a friend;—
Beneath the lines a mystic trend.
Just a letter from a lover
Homeward bound to greet the other.
Just a letter from a wife,—
Elixir for worry, strife.
Just a letter by a friend
Stamped in black; the letters end.

THE LITTLE BOOT

I wonder if this little boot
Can tell a tale? I fear it may!
Were I but sure it could not tell
I'm sure I'd tell it; I would say—
But, then, I know not! Lest it should,
Should tell the tale—its import leak—
I'll say but this: upon its tip
I pressed the same as on your cheek.
Should ever it the fact disclose,
And say my love I there displayed,
Remember, 'twas because that, once,
It held thy pretty foot, dear maid.

TO THE NEW YEAR

Like a new born babe at the mother's breast,
Like an unfledged bird in the swaying nest,—
Who, can tell of the days to be?
Who, can fathom the mystery?
Neither you nor I
Till the by-and-by.

To-day bright hopes,—the moon afloat,
With the stars to light the way
Through the purple depths, to the wondrous note
That the sister planets play:
To-morrow eclipse. With faith filled eyes,
We will fathom the depths of the boundless skies
And view the perfect day!

DREAM LIFE

When down the western dome the sun
Smiles out the day with hope begun;
When gilded clouds hang o'er the west
Horizon's rim, the mountain crest;
When twilight's calm enfolds the earth,
And weary man seeks his home hearth;
O, then, my heart a-homeward bent
A moment revels in content.

O, blissful hour! O, blessed life,
Removed from all this earth-born strife;
Peace folds me in her robe of ease;
Faith chants innocent harmonies:
The father's arm protects, defends;
The mother's smile its courage lends;
While all the earth and sea and sky
Rain symphonies for ear and eye.

Care drops her load: Grief smiles relief:
Doubt withers, dies: while blooms Belief.
The heart, opened to God and Truth,
Grows buoyant, confident forsooth;
And I, I feel again the touch
Of dreamy throngs I loved so much;
Of faces, forms; of sound or scene
That drifts the past and now between.
Dream on, my soul, as daylight dies;
Seek not to know life's mysteries.

EVENING THOUGHTS

Only a day, a step, I pray,
For to-morrow I may not be;
The vessel that glints with full sails set
To-morrow I may not see,
Sailing away to some foreign port,
Bearing its surplus store;
Or drifting in with the tide to bring
My heart to me once more.
Only a step, a step, I pray,
And I will contented be.

FATHER

"A noble Roman," sang the bard:
I say that he whose praise I pen
Of earth's most valiant, loyal men
Is peer,—or better. His the hard,
The thorny road; yet e'er on guard,
Brave soldier, he truth's battles fight
For God and man; for faith and right.

MY VALENTINE

To thee, my love, whose eyes are bright
As star's light on a winter's night;
Whose mouth, a crimson cupid's bow,
Tempt me—as flower the bee—to know
The nectar hid; oh, sweetheart mine,
Let me be e'er thy valentine.
The earth will blossom 'neath my feet,
The spring-flower haste the morn to greet,
If thou wilt be
Eternally
My heart-loved, cherished valentine;
Through all years, wife, my valentine.

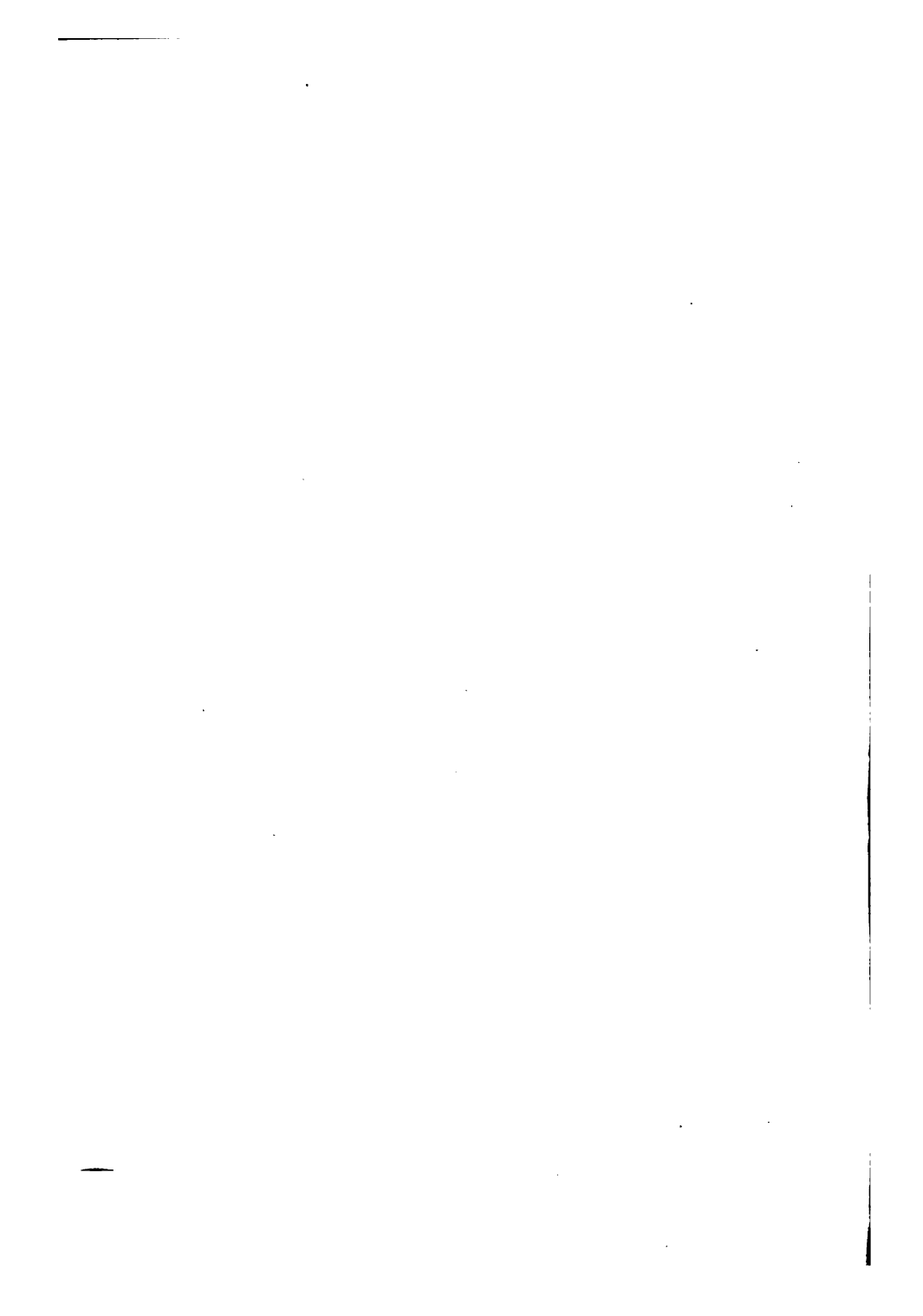
SPIRIT LIFE

(A fragment—To my wife)

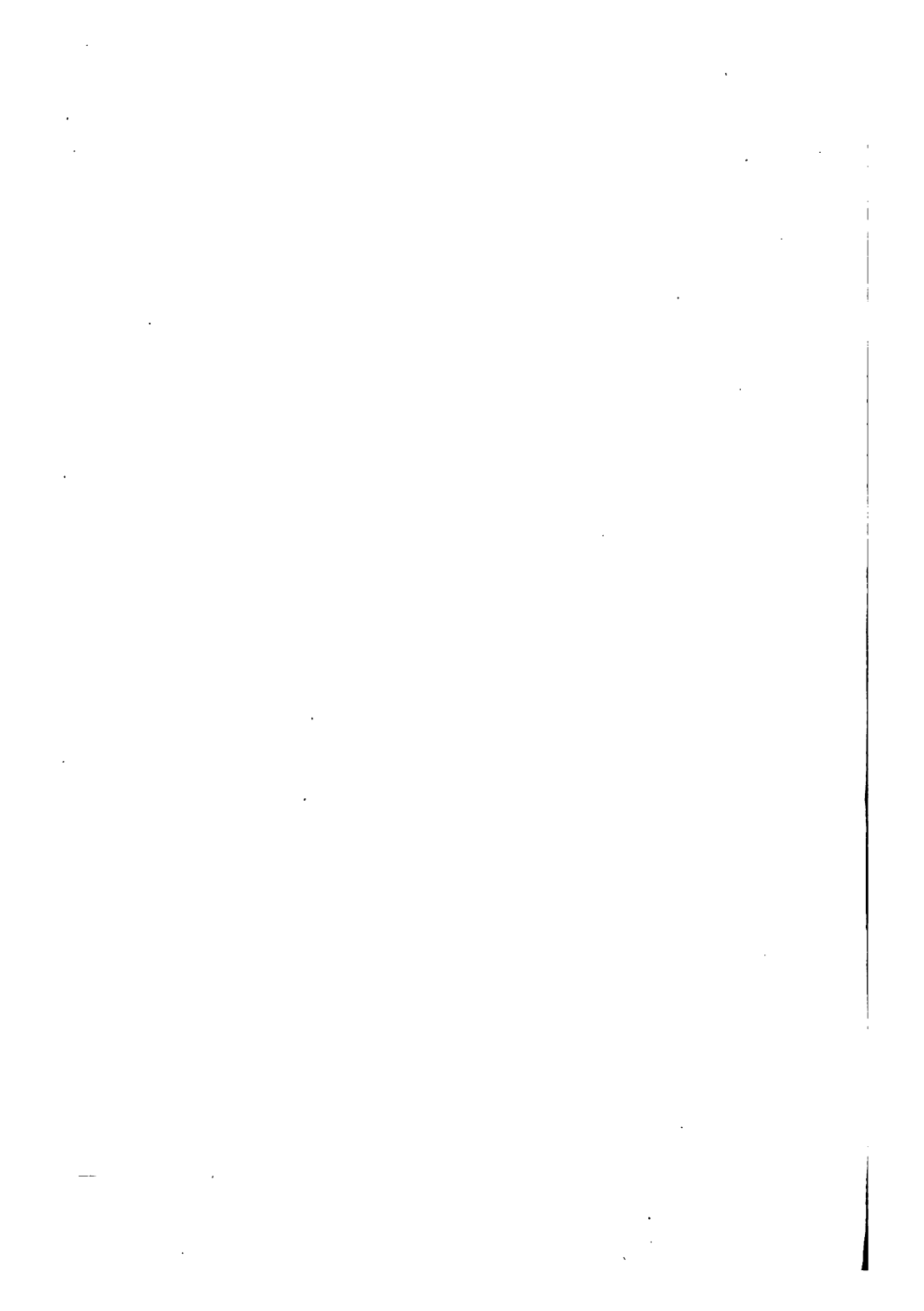
If the eyes were dimmed that have fired hope
At the altar of faithless trust;
If courageous might were dead, what scope
For that hope? O, dust to dust,
Speak not to the heart of the broken reed,
Where famine and failure and pestilence feed!

If the voice that cheered in the days ago,
When the blasts fell fierce and wild,
Were hushed in the grave, and I alone
Trod on in the gloaming wild;
What song could I sing? what hymn of praise
Could my dead heart chant, could my numb lips
raise?

If the lips were dumb that have called me, Love,
And the cheek's soft bloom had fled;
Were their fresh young life but a spirit dove,
Were their strengthening impulse dead;
What were left to me in this stygian world,
Were the wings of my Spirit Love close furled!



VESPER CHIMES



THE EVERLASTING RIGHT

Where nature sings
And care take wings,
Where cooling water, sparkling, springs;
Where violets vie
With bending sky,
While laughing breeze goes fluttering by;

Or leafy shade,
Or moonlit glade,
Where fairies dance to music made
On moonbeams bright,
Through starry night,
In dreamland, I my songs indite.

A song I'd sing;
My faith would wing;
From finite death I'd purge the sting:
Pure peace should dwell;
And time would tell
The boundless good of life lived well.

For naught of fears
Would haunt the years,
Where courage dwells till dawn appears.
Faith, mighty soul,
Should seize control
And gird the earth from pole to pole.

God's peace should reign
O'er earth's domain,
The ploughshare turn the fertile plain;
And in the light
Of morning bright,
I'd chant the Everlasting Right.

OVER THE WAY

"Over the way," I heard it said :
It dwelt in my memory, drifting on,
Over the way, in my dreaming led,
Wandering far the hills upon,
Over, over the way.

There were flowers there in their perfume sweet ;
The violet smiled, and the lily white
Looked out in its innocence to greet
The sheen of the land in its dazzling light,
Over, over the way.

Buds were blossoming flowers there ;
And flowers were luscious, golden fruits ;
And tears were pearls and jewels fair ;
And sighs were music from silver lutes,
Over, over the way.

And friends were friends in that land of song ;
And lovers loved but one and true ;
And pleasures on wings came drifting along,
And halted and dwelt in that fuller view,
Over, over the way.

There's naught of sadness and never a tear ;
But joy, and beauty, and hope, and love ;
There's rest for the labor, and strength for the fear,
And peace for the trouble, and Christ above,
Over, over the way.

O! come, weary heart, and journey with me ;
Let drop the mere baubles of earth's changeful
night :
Beyond is the day, by the fair crystal sea,
There constancy, love, truth, and heart-rest invite,
Over, over the way.

SOME GLAD DAY

Some day I shall not wonder at the mists about my
way,
But rest secure in haven,—O, happy, perfect day!
The weary, wretched heartache in the future cleared
away.

Sometime the eyelids biting with the half-suppressed
tears
That scald the budding longings which had crept
through hopeful years
In eyes, will lift victorious o'er weak'ning palsing
fears.

Some day! Oh, perfect jewel, when the rest we've
sought is ours!
Some day to tread the by-ways by whisp'ring rills,
o'er flowers
That yield their life's sweet perfume to our sense in
soothing showers!

Oh, perfect day! beneath thy skies, I fain would
breath my soul
In mystic music's hallowed lays, speaking Divine
control;
I long to strike the chords of peace and swell the an-
them's roll.

O! Christ, with life's fierce battle round us, be our
present might;
That we for faith and honor may conquer in the
fight,
Our souls ablaze with valor; Thy cause our cause—
The Right!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND—

(J. B. R.)

I ope'd the letter, read the fatal word,
Dead! in the prime of life, the very prime.
I thought of all the heartaches, tears absurd
To try to quench the glow, recall the time
When life-blood coursed through this pale, heatless
frame
And gave to clay a dear remembered name.

What now is all the struggle, all the toil
That plead for years to cull the fruit of youth?
What but the marble shaft can foil
The aim of time? What? Worth and love and
truth;
Those precepts given; those lessons taught and
learned;
Those lives he led,—the weed to fruitage turned.

Naught, naught is lost! What he has been lives on,
On through the years to lift and stem the tide.
Age to the front where victory he won;
Then crossed the borderland in heaven's peace to
bide.
Though through our days must run a minor chord,
He is not dead—Communing with his Lord.

So friends, weep not; 'tis not like those who sleep
The sleep of death that has no radiant morn.
When down the slope of life's pathway a-steep
We to our rest go tottering, aborne
Onward, his spirit ours shall wait to greet.
Trust 'tis the best; the Lord hath judged it mete.

AN EXTRACT

When I am alone,
And the house is dark,
And the way seems long, I would give it o'er;
When down to the tide of the sea I go,
And my bark pushes out in the mellow glow
Of the sunset fair; or dark'ning o'er
The sky in the gloam,
Around my bark;

I wonder who
Will the boatman be
When I take my journey across the tide.
When I reach that land will I be alone?
Or will the friends who have thither gone
Be waiting beyond the sea to bide
My coming through
To welcome me?

WHEN CARRIE CAME!

When Carrie came!
O, what sweet joy,
When heaven's gates, unbarred,
Flung back their doors,
And one sweet ray
Of heaven's blue
Fell full on me!

When Carrie came
The days were jewels rare;
The cloudless sky
In azure blue above
Oped wide her eye of day
And smiled her joy.
At night in depths of blue
The stars—forget-me-nots—
Added their vows.

When Carrie came
The murmuring streamlet vied
In song the nightingale;
The lark welled forth her lay
With throbbing, bursting heart,
And I in rapture bound
Felt all my being thrill.

When Carrie came
I knew the touch of love,
And felt the mists of morn
Break, flee at touch of her
Soft, gentle hand.

When Carrie came
I dreamed of leaves and flowers,
And cool, sequestered spots
Where shadows fell but to
Revive the dropping flowers
To court the honey-bee.

When Carrie came
The warm south breeze
From dreamland drifted free,
And bore with it the scent
Of bloom, of budding life—
The incense of heart-song—
And calm,—tranquillity.

When Carrie came
The days but left a glow;
For scarcely born were they
Till sunset bade good-night;
While loving, dreaming, we
Were drifting far away
Beyond life's ceaseless beat
Of pain, in imaged bliss.

When Carrie came
O, wealth of joy?
O, incense for the weak!
O, balm! her soulful kiss!
O, pressure of those arms
That round my neck
Made care but feathers, blown
I know not where;
And joys so real,
One full forgot his pain.

When Carrie came
I bowed me down,
And from my heart
Rose a thanksgiving song.
Earth then was near to heav'n;
And we beneath the skies
Felt gliding safely on.
To that fair haven borne,
With cares as rippling breeze
To flap in vain our sail.

When Carrie came
A haven opened wide;
And just beyond we viewed
Our peaceful home of rest.
We here would live and love;
And when, at last, time's bell
Tolled either to that shore,
He there would wait above
And, sad, the moments tell
Till joined forever.

WHEN CARRIE DIED

When Carrie died
They knotted up her hair
And clad her snowy form
In full, soft ermine robes.

When Carrie died
They filled her bier with flowers,
They covered it—a mound
Of white and lily tongues.

When Carrie died
We heard the preacher say
She just had gone before:—
Our hearts sighed to be there.

When Carrie died
They laid her form to rest
Beneath the hawthorne shade,
And planted flowrets there.

When Carrie died
Each went to his own home
With sorrow-laden heart;
But each had done his part.

* * * * *

When Carrie died!
I heard my spirit cry,
And knew that all was o'er
When Carrie died.

When Carrie died,
The days with purpling joys
Were shades from Tartarus
When Carrie died.

When Carrie died!
I kissed the dead, cold lips;
I pressed the pulseless hand,
When Carrie died,

When Carrie died!
What cared I for the flowers,
What, I, for pomp and show,
When Carrie died.

When Carrie died!
I stole into the room
With careful tread, and prayed—
When Carrie died.

When Carrie died
My heart was broken; I
Lost then my love of life—
When Carrie died.

When Carrie died!
My soul with weary pace
Traveled o'er frozen wastes
When Carrie died.

When Carrie died!
From out the dark despair
One star alone dared break
When Carrie died.

When Carrie died
Her spirit came in dreams
And bade me follow hers—
When Carrie died.

When Carrie died!
'Tis here I wait and long
And trust; but live above
Where Carrie lives!

THE NEAR-BY FAR-AWAY

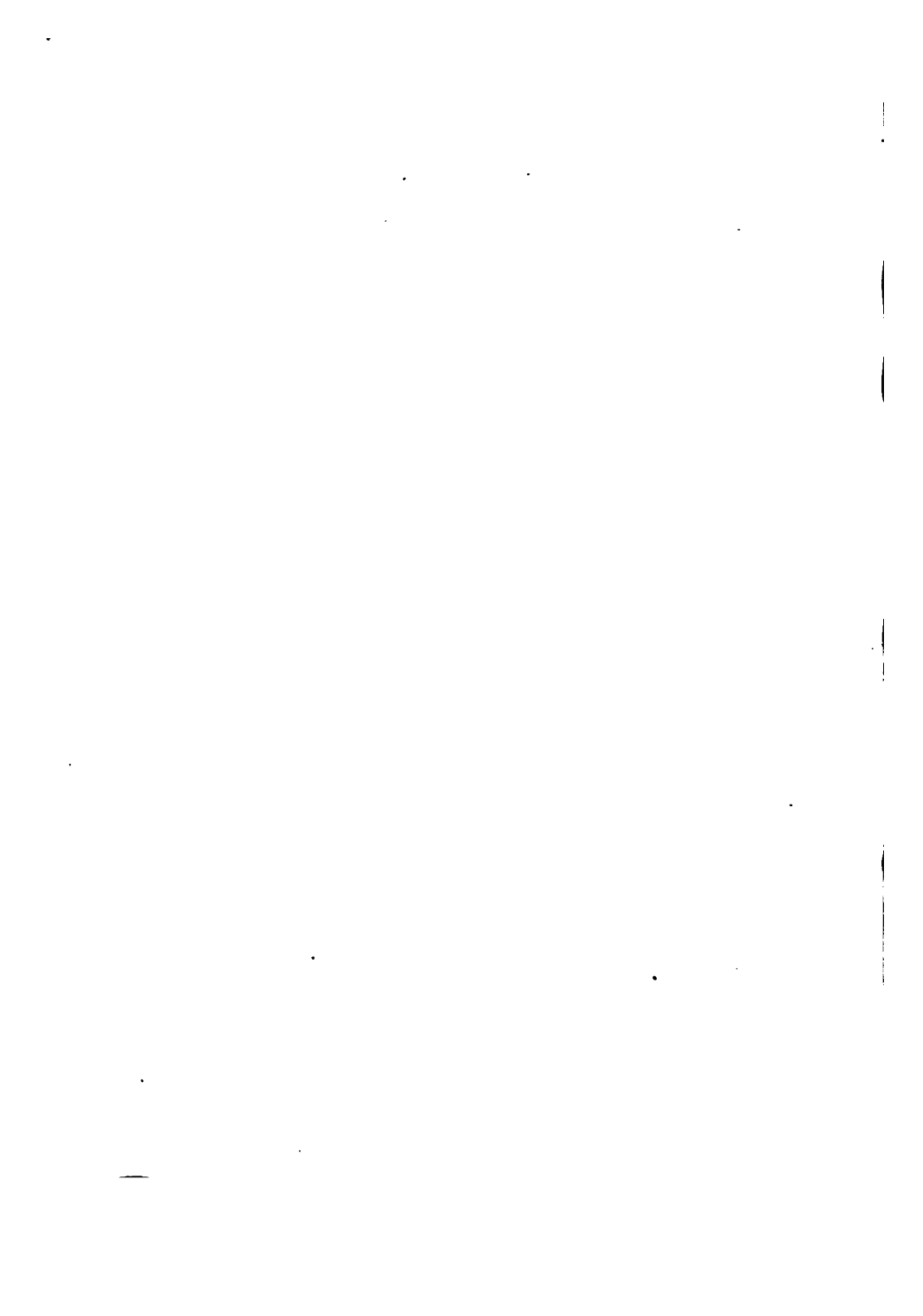
Pet came to me in her innocent play
And asked me the meaning of Far-Away.
I told her the "nows" in a trice must be
The toys of the past; the days set free
Flee back and back—we view through our tears
The wrecks on the beach, for years and years.
Now these, all these where our thoughts once lay,
We count in the limitless Far-Away.

"And what is the meaning," she said with a sigh,
"Of the land that they call by the name Near-By?"
"The Near-By Land, my dear," said I,
"Is the 'now,' 'to-day,' 'to-morrow'—near-by;
But the near-by, ever, and far-away,
Join hands—for the passage is but a day
That divides the laughter and tears we shed
From the cherished dreams of our buried dead."

I might have known that, to her, the past
Had caught but a day from the future vast;
That no Far-Away shed its afterglow
On the rippling rills and the rivers of snow;
On the broken shards in the pierced hearts,
On the tenantless hopes in voiceless marts.

I might have known that the Near-By Land,
Though charming, held no castles grand;
That her hopes must rest in a future, clad
In the garments she wove, with its various plaid
Devices; she must live to-day
In the land of the Near-By Far-Away,
The heart-cherished Near-By Far-Away.

THE HOMELAND



O, MY LOVED ONE!

O, my loved one! O, my darling!
Bring me to thee, draw me to thee
From the love of earth, and parling
With dim shadows,—draw me, bring me;
In thy kingdom full of brightness,
Full of truth and honor, hide me,
Lest earth's pomp and dazzling glamor
Blind my mortal vision; bide thee
In His hallowed presence, teaching
Me the songs of alleluiah,
Through the mighty ages reaching,
Singing Beulah, Vale of Beulah!

O, my sainted mother,—ours
Visit us in spirit, keep us
Faithful to thy loving precepts;
Shower smiles of courage on us;
Walk beside us in earth's pathway;
Sainted mother, keep our tired,
Wayward feet upon that pathway,
Bridging hopeless longings earthly
To the better land, the holy
Land of Eden, Vale of Beulah!

O, my precious love from childhood,
First to whom my wandering eyeballs
Turned in wondering, quivering glances;
Who—the first to whom to prattle
“Mamma,” thou my shrine most holy;
“Mamma,”—thou the first to guide my
Feet, the first and last to listen
To the oft repeated grievance
Swelling little aching, breaking
Heart, thy bosom softest pillow!

Cool Siloam's shady fountain
Not so restful as thy night song;
Lullaby—from child to manhood;
Lullaby—success or failure;
Lullaby—till Jesus called you
Home to rest you, dearheart mother.
Stop we may not; rest we must not;
Life must live, though we would linger
In the dear, dead past, earth's Beulah,
Dreaming of that Eden Beulah
Where thou livest evermore to
Praise thy God and Him who led thee
Into pastures green, by living
Waters murmuring alleluiah!

HOME

It may be sunlight, leafy shades,
Where zephyrs call through verdant blades;
Or stretch of burning sand before
The rough-hewn log-built cabin's door:
Where'er the heart's fond dreams find rest,
There is the heart's home, truest, best.

My home! A level stretch of lands
To southward, where the roadway bands;
To north the rising slope of ground—
My childhood's feet the summit found,
And from the hilltops, far away
My hopes took wing,—my spirit's day.

No more to sordid cares I tie
My strength, for sunbeams underlie
The blankest depths of misery;
And spirit forces bow the knee
To him who aims and wills to do
And does his best, life's end in view.

But childhood's dreams are powers intense
To mould the future; innocence
And nature's book and God behind
The hand and heart and soul and mind
To counsel, cheer, to bend and lead:
O, God and home are kings indeed!

So, praise to home! My full heart sing
Thy blessing; happy tribute bring!
And Thou, O, God, Who it and me
Hath moulded for eternity,
Grant that the dream of childhood's days
May blessings be upon my way!

UNCLE ADAM AND GOOD AUNT JANE

I love to repeat it again and again,
Dear Uncle Adam and good Aunt Jane.
For Uncle Adam a boy's heart knows,
And Aunt Jane's face with sunshine glows.
O, I love to dream through life's sun and rain
Of Uncle Adam and dear Aunt Jane!

By the house of Uncle Adam, it runs—
Asleep in the shadow, a blinking 'neath sun—
The Connegogig,—'tis an Indian name—
By willows and sycamores, tosses its mane
Where it flows round the bend; there the breakers it
beat
To a frothy white foam in the midsummer heat.

When the snows of the winter the meadow lands
fold,
In the icy north breeze, the dark waters grow cold;
And a pale ashen hue marks the bed of the stream,
While the skaters o'er death dash away like a gleam,
A glint of the morning, happy faces aglow
With the pleasure of life, 'fore the blinding grief's
woe.

The meadow lands, rich with the fruits of the soil,
Speak heartiest cheer when earned rest follows toil;
The windrows of hay waft perfume to my sense;
Crisp ripe golden grain bulges out through the fence;
While the rank growing corn in its coat of dark
green

Breathes life in the ear in this midsummer scene.

O, the pure happy home-life, the peace and content,
The hours taking wing like a day spending, spent!
Or like clouds of soft amber that dazzle the west
With a halo of beauty,—so gladness caressed
With smiles the dear home-nest, fair circled around
With a wealth of June roses, a clustering mound.

O, sad that the brightest of flowers must fade!
That the frost nips the bud! That the stream in the
glade

Must chant to deaf ears when the winter has come!
That the earth to the pulse of creation is dumb!
O, sad that the hearts that are peaceful to-day
Must ache—shattered dreams of to-morrow!—al-
way!

To this haven, Contentment, came a stranger un-
known,
Furled the sails of his craft, trod the landing alone;
But when darkness had folded the arrows of day,
Two forms softly entered the boat in the bay.
One glanced, with a sigh, on the sorrows he left
In those hearts void and chill, breaking, broken,
bereft.

But he smiled as he turned, for the Boatman of
Death

Was the Angel of Life; and like perfume the breath
From the land just beyond,—now nearer, now here,
'Neath the feet of the toilers; the crystal stream
clear,

Reflected no fever-worn, earth-bitten face,
For the smile of the Lord ever gladdens that place.

But they,—O, I sigh when I think of their grief;
Uncle Adam, Aunt Jane find in nothing relief:
Naught of earth can assuage; heaven only can bring
Resignation to those who have felt the barbed sting
Of the arrow that wounds where the hearts fondest
love
Has been centered, and hope for joys laid up above.

So, though Grief spreads her wings above those dear
forms,
Since the threatening cloudlands in fierce blinding
storms
Have broken, to blight with the black frost the
wealth
Of the promising bloom in its first blush of health,
In sadness, I whisper the old, loved refrain:
Dear Uncle Adam and precious Aunt Jane!
Poor Uncle Adam! broken-hearted Aunt Jane!

DO I LIKE PIE

Yes; I'm specially fond of the sweet-pumpkin pies;
There's something about them to dry a man's eyes;
It may be the spices—an old man's whim—
Or the crispness of pastry, the brittle brown rim;
But I know that I frequently see in my dreams
Countless rows of hot pies floating down crystal
streams.

Yes; I'm specially fond of the apple-pie;
There's a juiciness 'bout it,—or tell me I lie.
It may be the taste that in childhood I grew
For the smoke-house, the baldwin, and green-pippin,
too;
But I know when I shut both my mouth and my eyes
That pie from a hundred "society" pies.

Yes' I'm specially fond of the sweet juicy mince;
In its spicy aroma I revel a prince—
No trouble to *dream* when it's mince pie, you know;
But I reckon the pleasure of eating it, though,
Is enough to 'pay fiddler';—I'll risk it each time,
Cold or hot, spring or fall, or in brisk wintertime.

But—the turn-over-pie! let it be what it will,
I care not—since made like my mother—for still
In my memory dwells the days of my youth,
When she packed my lunch-basket with dainties; for-
sooth,
It was nuggets of love that she stuffed in the pies
That I ate; ever since they're the pride of my eyes.

Oh, mother! 'Tis not childhood's pies that I crave,
Since you lie 'neath the daisies; your turf-rounded
grave
Speaks a mount of regret I should ever have been
Unkind to the loving heart silenced within.
And I sigh—do you know it, dear mother above?—
For a glimpse in this world like your true mother-
love.

VIOLET

(To my wife)

She may not be what others call
A fairy little creature;
But this I know, she's dear to me—
An all important feature;—
She is not blonde, no golden hair;
I only know to me she's fair,
A dear, true, Christian woman.

While others prate of form petite
And sylphlike step and airy,

I love to think of helpful feet
And willing heart to cheer me.
To see the smile, to feel the touch
That makes me know I love her much;
Because she's good and human.

Others may covet rank or gold;—
Doubtless but brazen metal!—
I'd rather own the heart I hold,
Trust e'er to love to settle:
Sweeter to hear her say "I love,"
Than drink the dregs—the froth above—
In bitter, long repentance.

While you may live in palace hall
And dream your dreams of glory,
I ask to dwell in simple style
And live the dear "old story;"
I pray for us but health and strength,
Trusting to God life's breadth and length,
To end in His acceptance.

BECAUSE WE ARE GOING BACK HOME

Because we are going back home,
The days that are filled with cares
Are cheerfully borne and with their weight scarce
known,
For the soul on that paradise fares;
And the sunshine is filled with the wealth of the
wine
In the luscious ripe clusters of fruit on the vine
In the old garden plot, where as children we played,
In the summer days of the echoing past,
By the brink of the brook, in the lithe willows' shade.
We're going—we're going back home!

Because we are going back home!
The long winding road through the glade

All filled with the scent of the thousand of flowers
And cooled with the dim shadows made
By the waving of elms and the fluttering of birds;—
My heart's love is touched with the thought of the
words:—

O, what do we care for the tares and the snares,
Harvests of regrets we have sown!
We're living again in the Eden of Rest,—
We're going—we're going back home!

Because we are going back home,
Just because we are going back home,
Our hearts have drawn nearer the throne in prayer,
For the forms where our thoughts ever roam.
There are tears of joy in the beaming eyes;
The heart is bursting with glad home cries;
There'll be joy in our souls and songs on our lips
When free with our loved ones we roam,
In the summers of bliss, on the river of rest,
Just because we are going back home,
Because we are going back home.

THE SUMMER LAND

To-day I live in the summer land,
In the echoing clime of the long ago,
Where memories' land marks stately stand,
And the shimmering sunbeams come and go.

The orchard shade and the open lea;
The cattle lowing behind the hill;
The busy hum of the honey bee;
The luscious berries, the red stone mill.

The lengthening shadows that slowly creep
Upon the stubble and fallow ground;
The cornblades rustle along the steep;
The yellow pumpkins; the baying hound.

The barn doors burst with the treasure stored,
The golden harvest of leaf and grain;
The bins are laden with richest hoard
Of apple russets and crimson stain.

No more for me is the soothing sound
Of merry harvesters homeward bent;
When the shadows steal o'er the lawn and mound,
I may but dream of the harvest scent.

In the early morn and the noontide hour
I wrestle with questions of right and wrong;
I fight the battle for gain and power,
Forgetting the musical vesper-song.

But oft in the stilly and quiet eve,
The voice of the past comes soft and low;
Through the wavering shadows that incense leave,
The past drifts in with the mellow glow.

I live again in the summer-land
With its flowers and fruits, its bees and birds;
Its balmy breezes,—youths' lovelit strand—
And listen to home's dear words.

The past is past, but memories live;
And I cherish the days for me no more;
I work and trust that the future give
Some gems from the summer shore.

FAIR JEWEL

It is not living—simply *being*,
Since our little Irma died;
When the frost has nipped the flower,
Dies the stem, its life allied.
Suns may smile—augmented brightness—
On some hardier bloom, but we

Miss our treasure, shiv'ring, longing—
Sigh but for eternity.

Treasured: little socks and dresses
Neatly mended, tear-bedewed;
Hood of scarlet, tie of azure;
Shoes in corner snugly stood,
Just where she that evening left them
When she knelt at my proud knee:
"Now I—lay me . . . Dod, please bless them,
Mamma, Papa, Kittie, me."

O, the hour our sunshine faded
Into dawn of other day!
Crib is folded, eyes are blinded,
Books and toys are put away;
Little bits of glass and pebbles,
Thumb-marked pictures, drawings done
By the dainty, dimpled fingers
While those happy hours run.

O, the days that lengthen, lengthen,
Shadow-framed, swept fierce by storm!
God, thy mercy, it must keep us,
Since on earth we've lost her form.
Down the wind-swept, rugged causeway
Guide our steps Thy face to see;
Comfort us and bless! O, heartache!
Bring us soon to her and Thee.

TWO YEARS AGO!

Two years ago! Ah, blissful days,
All steeped in love's enchanting maze!
Like honey fruit in honey dipped;
Like dreams of days when feet have tripped
To music sweet; like summer's glow,
The warm flush! Just two years ago!

Two years ago! Then heaven swung
Her gates ajar and perfume flung
Around my heart; for to it came
A spirit's touch, and earth became
A realm for love and duty's deeds,
Of faith and trust; where striving leads.

Two years ago! O, Sun of June,
Touch earth's best chords and swell the tune!
Two years ago! O, Queen of Night,
Melt rugged forms in silver light!
Two years ago! O, Earth and Sea,
Put on your fairest! Join the glee!

Two years ago! But yesterday
It seems to me I learned the lay
Love taught my soul two years ago!
The song in never ceasing flow
Sings on and charms the days to hours,
The years to days, the thorns to flowers.

What though the tempest threatens life,
The life lives on! What though the strife
Of battle fall, the victor's crown
Must point the goal and win renown!
What though beneath the load I fall,
Should some one heed my warning call!

Two years ago! Two years ago!
Soon in our lives the driving snow
Heaped high, and fought with gasping breath
To fold in grasping arms of death
The form I love; but heaven's smile
Was radiant on us afterwhile.

And so we live with love to yield
Us sweets from hymen's garden field;

For eyes to speak of love that lies
Where only healthful trust descries.
While earth and sea and heaven wear
A crown for us all passing fair.

Ah, blissful days! Ah, hallowed days!
That live as dreams of dreamy lays
Sung soft and low, and sparkling bright
As dewdrops hung in morning's light;
As twilight falling in the glow
Of summer sun—*Two Years Ago*.

WEE FEET

O, the patter, patter, patter of the chubby little feet!
O, the lips of cherub beauty, honeyladen, mine to
meet!

The dancing light within the eyes—our sparkling
rose-bud sweet!

"O, papa, papa!" In my arms I clasp my dainty girl.
"I love you, papa dear," she says; I kiss each chestnut
curl

That screens the ears of pearl and round my fingers
fondly twirl.

"And you, you love your Irma?" "Ay, yes; God only
knows,

My dear, how much;" I gently touch our dainty
sweet wild rose.

"How much! How much!" our hearts repeat from
morn till even's close.

But now no more we feel the touch of clinging lit-
tle hands;

God needed her, reclaimed the loan; across the bar-
ren sands

We feel the winds blow piercing chill; see dim the
haven lands.

"Dear papa, Irma's sick," she wrote; "pain, head,
tomick; home shoon."

I was away—O, Christ the day to darkness turned
from noon!

And left us in this vale of grief to live our afternoon.

Oh, little dimpled fingers, could you lie within our
own,

How light would grow life's burdens!—What har-
vests we had sown!—

But God reclaimed; and we will trust, although our
hearts make moan.

MY CUMBERLAND—A FRAGMENT

My Cumberland! Fair valley famed
By mountains blue,—the vision foiled
By distance—or, the nearer green;
With peaks and passes, pines and firs,
Or maple, oak and chestnut trimmed
In nature's strange and varied forms;
The sun aslant, his searching beams
Espy beneath the copse the stream
At hide-and-seek; the mossy bank
Gleams fresh with diamond drops of dew,
The tell-tale marks of kisses pressed
By silver wavelets of the tide.

Above, the jutting crag transfixed
Between the green and azure blue,
A massive giant, hoary, old,
A weary from the buffetings
Of centuries of storm and cold;
Yet lifting up his noble form,
And for to-day in sunshine clad.
Basking in peace, in golden rays,
Perchance he heard the mandate given,
When God from out the darkness called
The twinkling stars, the moon, the sun.

Old ocean thundered at his feet
When youth and he stood hand in hand
Upon the beach—the ancient strand
A-stretching inland years ago,
Before the age of glacial snow.

There, deep within the valley pressed,
Dim, winding from the upland wood,
A single track—the haunts of men
Below—shaded, the tiny flower
Stretching its floss like, milk white neck
To catch the flitting sunbeam's kiss.
From overhanging bows of green
The sweeping vines wave cooling shade;
The lizard slips beneath the trunk
Of ancient monarch long laid low.
No sound of bird, but here and there
A glint athwart the pulsing air
Of silver wing. The azure sky
Above asleep—the blinking sun,
Unveiled his charms, a sturdy child
Of fair creation's progeny;
Of shredded gold, afloat within
The sea of never ending blue
Some phantom clouds, that seem like dreams
Of dreams we dreamed in childhood's day,
Flit; or, like floating castle ships
We built to sail our summer seas
We ever know were just beyond,
Where zephyrs lull the waves to sleep.

MY LITTLE LOVE

I wonder does she speak of me;
What dreams she this fair eventide;
I wonder if in fancy free,
She builds her future pride;
Or, does she dream of days of bliss,
Of joy and peace and happiness?

When shadows grow across the mould;
When twilight falls in mellow haze;
When yester's echoes o'er are told
In dreamy thought and mystic lays;
When onward rolls the tide of years,
Comes to thee, Love, its promised cheer?

Do you in dreams recount the sighs,
And feel the kisses pressed upon
Your ruby lips? Do lovelit eyes
Shine full of faith into your own?
Do shadows flee, and summer's sun
After the showers pleasures run?

Do other eyes but speak the loss
You feel that some one absent is?
When breezes, kissing warmly, toss
Your raven tresses, dream you 'tis
His soulful lips that touch the tress,
That breathes your only happiness?

When lily opes her golden shrine,
Do other days and other songs
That all the past with love entwine
Come drifting, drifting, happy throngs?
Do smiles, caresses fondly cheer,
Bind to the past the coming year?

Love, come they thus as to me come
Thy every word and glance and kiss?
For me the golden sunset's home
Is birth of dreams in realms of bliss,
As thus I gaze upon the hue
Of dying day, and dream of you.

MY BEST

I've often wished,—alas! 'tis true—
For something lofty, great, to do,
Forgetting that my duty owes
To do the very "bes' I knows."

Poor little Tobel well may they tell
Thy story; write the deed done well.
Thou, seeing clear thy duty, did
Thy humble task as thou wast bid.

Thy life-blood, noble boy, I see;
It marks my duty plain for me,
Thy wistful, plaintive, honest "best"
Was all was asked: 'twill give me rest.

If only I could fully learn
To give the mite; my place, my turn,
In life to take, to breath a prayer
For other's burdens hard to bear.

If only I would lend a hand
To point him how to understand
The signals of a clouded way
Full treacherous as mine to-day.

Life is not hard when joy and peace
Attend upon the downy fleece-
Lined couch of ease,—to live one's days
In feasting, drinking, folly's glaze.

Ah, no! The Hand that bade the breath
Of life to triumph over death
Decreed that he who bread would eat,
His face must sweat his brow must beat.

"The sluggard shall in harvest beg;
His game unroasted, on the peg
Hang; while his soul shall famish, faint,
And die, of all accursed, attaint!"

But he who, loving God and man,
Does ever this: The best he can,—
He, when the victory is won
For heaven, will hear the blessed "*Well Done.*"

(Thinking of "Tobe" in "Tobe's Monument.")

FALSELY ACCUSED

You ask me for my story, the first, the last to hear
From lips of mine its tragedy; the smile must e'er
appear,
For people must be pleased, you know; at sympathy
they play
A game of hide-and-seek, the same, old oft-repeated
way.

They say, "How sad! How very sad!" they drop
their eyelids, (red
With rubbing of their kerchiefs) feign tears they
never shed;
I hear their faint endeavors, to shun what they would
'shy;
I look, and, seeing, see not the pure, true, for the lie.

But what the use expecting what hearts will never
give?
Alone I tread life's pathway; alone I think and live.
For when, at length, hope dies within the heart,—
O, walls of clay!—
We are alone; alone we tread the bleak unsheltered
way.

Before the will of the heaven had closed the eye of
living day
Upon my path, we wandered life's sweet, winding,
beaten way;
We had our days of gladness, with touches of the
pain
That sprinkles hopes with teardrops,—the sunshine
and the rain.

My husband, I, our baby! Why need we mind the
showers
That cloud the earth,—in mercy, since they revive
the flowers?
And as from out the darkness of heavy veiled day
Sunshine bursts forth, our trials melted like mists
away.

Like clouds!—O, dreams of childhood! O, fleecy,
white-winged birds
Afloat in heaven's azure! O, imaged shapes, what
words
Can paint thy radiant glory of mystic life to sense!
While ever back of thee there dwells the veiled blue
—innocence!

We praised the Lord for sunshine; we bore the
drooping shade;
Each eve we gathered up the crumbs of peace our
union made;
'Twas pleasure just to know how each to other's
heart bore love ;
'Twas sweet to rest in dwelling on the joys laid up
above.

THE MESSENGER

First came the messenger one day from out the dark-
ning west
To summons our dear baby-girl,—to desolate our
nest;
The day had dawned in brightness from a night of
calm repose,
How should I dream such blackness could hide the
even's close?

O, I am worn and weary a-watching light and shade;
Life's footlights faint aglimmer; cheeks oft of roses
made:
Applause or scorn, I care not, for hope in life has
fled;
I work to live, since life is mine, while longing to be
dead.

But, to my story. Yesterday it seems my baby cooed
Upon my breast; my husband, still lover, loving,
wooed,
With eyes of brown that smiled in mine their vol-
ume of desire,
To meet in mine—O, love divine!—the same heav'n
chastened fire!

Our baby cooed; then prattled; then its first intelli-
gence
Revealed in words,—our bonny girl—the sum of ex-
cellence!
Her heart, our hearts—two, three in one; a unified
content
Within its bounds all glories caught the heavens in
extent.

One day I left my baby in an upper room to play,
With grandma, sitting, napping in her accustomed
way.

Dear grandma! little Daisy! How they loved each
other's smile!

Dear grandma! since that morning no light your lips
beguile!

I in the room beneath them, housewife, was at my
task;

My heart adrift, though saddened, could not force
the mask

Fate holds before death's angel, lest human eyes him
see;

I dreamed of happy days apart,—the joys now dead
to me.

I heard a cry from baby; could it be she—where?
where?

I turned me toward the window—to see her cleave
the air;

One instant in my vision, a flash; a dainty form!

O, heavens shield from mothers' hearts this blinding,
bitter storm!

I stood, my thoughts transfixed, my heart pierced
with the pain of death;

It died that moment, broken by baby's gasping breath.

They lifted up our baby from the cruel asphalt
block;

They placed the lifeless clay within my nerveless
arms;—why mock?

For where was that dear cherub smile which caught
beneath its glance

The heart's best wishes, fondest dreams, and long-
ings in advance?

Where pink and white the rosy cheeks to breathe of
life and hope?

The ruddy lips with kiss for kiss? O, changeful horo-
scope!

From out the window where her form had dropped
that luckless morn,—

The grandma napping in her chair—my fairy treas-
ure torn—

My hopes took wing, for he I loved had died a liv-
ing death

Three years before; ay! breathing now the damp,
foul prison's breath.

CONDEMNED

O, law! when just, how righteous! when faulty,
hearts that ache

In silence—no recourse, since law is law—must sure-
ly break;

I try to feel that sacrifice in end must bear reward;
'Tis hard, the lesson,—innocence to fall beneath the
sword.

Foul murder had been done they said; demanded
author's death;

My husband's life the stake, for he had seen the
fleeting breath:

His employer one morn was found by him upon the
floor;

He raised the dying man,—too late—was found;
guilty, they swore.

They said the evidence was plain, conclusive; but I
say:

God knows his heart was free from thought of injury
that day.

There had been words some days before, but words
and deeds are two;
And thoughts of guilt or deeds of blood he knew not,
—never knew.

Condemned! to hang? But God who knows, knew
all, and this much gave:
My husband should not die the death; imprison-
ment, his grave.
And judge and jury fed their souls by granting this
poor boon;
The press the mercy deprecated; fiends die none too
soon.

IMPRISONMENT

Alone! God pity those who dwell within this region
wild
And seared and scathed with blasting winds, since
hope has but beguiled!
Alone! who knows what tender hearts and loving
e'er must feel
When doors of Eden close—the heart turns adaman-
tine steel.

We who were never parted in our years of wedded
bliss
Were torn asunder ne'er to meet; good-by! a last
fond kiss!
Once in three months might heart to heart repeat in
tender strain
To each its living sorrow; no hope, for hope was
vain.

I, fainting, tried to cheer him; he, fainting, heart-
worn, weak,
Would write how souls united at length would hav-
en speak,

My letters were his comfort; three months to wait
for each!

His words alone my heart of hearts in sympathy
could reach.

I told him of our baby; he answered with a sigh,
Yet longed to know she loved him;—his thoughts
were ever nigh —

But when our baby's spirit its kindred spirits sought,
I feared for him, yet tell I must, though anguish in
the thought.

I tried to cheer him with my love,—undying, that he
knew,

We spoke of heaven, longed for death, life to begin
anew.

Each letter sadder, sadder; while brighter grew that
hope;

For, casting off the veil, we sought to view the dis-
tant scope.

Now, now you know my story. Somehow, I can't
make clear

Just how we feel: sunshine or shade a pall upon life's
bier.

Ten years have dragged their weary days across our
vision, blind

With scalding tears; the pallid cheek bespeaks the
weary mind.

RETURN

And, now, to-night! I'm glad you've asked my story,
glad you've come—

What's that within my casement? there? 'Tis gone!
O, were he come!

But, see! The shadow! 'tis again! you see it, too? O,
speak!

Speak, speak, my Love! Is't thou? is't thou? It turns!
O, I am weak!

It is! O, Love, it is! it is! Within thy arms I rest
My weary form—you know not, dear, how tired!—
on thy breast.

I love to lie—your story? What care I since you're
free,
And here in flesh upon my heart to strengthen, cherish me!

You say you're cleared of murder, at last? 'Twas
always so!
For so-called law miscarries; fills innocence with
woe.
The criminal, at last, confessed, you say? the truth
is plain?
O, dear, poor, aching heart, how good to be with you
again!

The past with one exception we willingly forget;
That one, our Daisy's footprints; they leave no vain
regret;
For through the gates of heaven her precious smile
we see.
O, precious husband! Darling wife! I'm happy! I
am free!

Our home is bathed in sunshine, and perfume-laden
air
Sifts through the rosy trellis, while peace blooms
everywhere.
Through flower-field we travel, a-loiter on our way;
For, though we look toward heaven, we gladly live
life's day.

RILEY'S 'RITIN'S

(A lecture recital of the author's, introducing a number of recitations from James Whitcomb Riley, which, of course, are not here printed, the titles only being given).

A man's philosophy is the key-note to his life; at least it should be. But not all who preach practice; the professor is not always the possessor. Yet it is well to have a philosophy, just as it is well to have a hobby. However, you must *ride it*, though not to death. Riley has his Philosophy, and he rides it on his hobby, the "Hoosier Dialect."

My Philosophy.

Just to be satisfied, just to do our best;
A little toil, a little worry,—rest.
May be we, in the flood of years,
May grasp the reason for our fears,
And bless the hand that sent us tears.
Some day the dawn will brighter glow
Because of heart-endured woe;
The hum of life, in us attune,
Will burst a budding, blushing June,

Down Around the River.

O, what a picture, Riley, thou hast brought us of a
day
We each have loved! the rippling creek a-winding
far away
Beneath the boughs of elder, sweet-scented sassafras,
The willowy plumes of flowers, the swaying ribbon-
grass!
How like the spotted lady-bug, of childhood's hap-
py day,
We want to climb the highest knoll, and spread
our wings away!
But scenes have changed; our fairest dreams scant
ether takes possession;
We'll draw the curtain, change our theme, with

Sister Jones' Confession.

Like Sister Jones, sometimes our hearts are all too
full for song;
We gaze enraptured with the theme, while love's al-
lurements throng
Our path;—a flowery paradise—we take no note of
stock,
E'en when the frost the "punkin's" on, the fodder in
the shock.

*When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin and
The Fodder in the Shock.*

The Days Gone By.

In those days gone by,
What a mist of joys and fears
Crowds the days with laughter, tears!
Joys in present gains, and crosses
For the petty childish losses;
Fears for what a boy will do

When the World Busts Through.

But childish fears and childhood's grief
Soon over, finds a balm, relief.
How tempting! paths and winding glades;
Where sunbeams sift through whispering blades;
Or, where the highway stretches on!—
Cloud castles, till the setting sun.
O, ever near the boy's dear heart
Are scenes like these,—the fairest part;
And e'en in manhood's hoary day
We turn us to the far-away.

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

O, could we see amidst the whirl that fronts our lives
to-day
The simple thought, the hopeful trend, and helpful
guidance aye!
Could I trust all; that this frail child that fondly
clings to me
Will shun the paths that lead and bind the heart
to misery,
I then might rest in confidence, praying God's bless-
ing fall
Upon this sunbeam of our lives, so tender, weak, and
small.

Dot Leedle Baby.

But hearts rebel; vainly we try
To run the universe; rely
Upon our asking; telling how
The Lord should sun and rain allow.
We, like the tree-toad croak; then say
It surely comes because we pray.

The Tree-Toad

Judge you, or whether it, or not,
Came since the croaker loudly sought.
I'm not gainsaying that the thing
We rightly wish will action spring;
I just suggest that we who say
We pray in faith wait but a day
To get the blessing God will give
If surely what we claim we live.
May be the Lord will tired grow
Our *coaxing* what He will bestow,
If ravens feed and sparrows fall
Alone upon His knowledge, call
For nobler riches, of the heart;
Believe, and praise Him. Act your part.

* * * * *

*I've had my word. Rightly it may
Seem time for you to have your say.
We take our turn; five minutes now
Of respite you I shall allow.
Pray take your chance; when it is "done,"
Where we "leave off we will begun."*

* * * * *

That Old Sweetheart of Mine.

A song for you children,—men and women too
soon—
A story I heard of the Man in the Moon.

The Man in the Moon.

O, Riley, you feed us on lessons of truth
When you cull for our fancy the visions of youth.
And what could so touch us on our hearts' trem-
bling strings
Like the Old Swimmin' Hole! What an incense it
flings
Round the days when the straw-hatted, bare-legged
boy
Shunned political court for this far-famed joy!

The Old Swimmin' Hole.

Our hearts are toys of joy and grief;
To-day we laugh with sparkling eye,—
To-morrow finds us with the sigh
Upon our lip.
Thus each shows each in best relief;
Our pride and hope to ashes turn;
Our feet upon the cherished burn
Totter and slip.

Old Man and Jim.

Or old, or young, why need we mourn,
If, duty done, from earth we're borne?
Could we e'en as the little boy
All crippled, find in all the joy
That comes with innocence divine,
What peace our life's web would entwine!

The Happy Little Cripple.

We each and all, or more, or less,
This aphorism must confess;
That where we live, what we may be,
Suits our fine taste just to a T.
Now, out old Indiana's ways
The town of Tailholt has its praise.

What need we care if Uncle Jim
Finds Tailholts good enough for him?
(It may be you the hog would prove—
Each instinct runs in its own groove.)
We'll hear our uncle now relate
Of Tailholt, Indiana State.

The Little Town of Tailholt.

Well, laugh at will, my friends, and say,
His little whim; I grant you may,
I own I love the ragged road
That leads to rugged truth's abode;
You'll find it oft beneath the coat
Of brown, or gray,—a sturdy note,
The hardened hand, the furrowed brow
Touches my heart's best chords somehow.

Nothin' at All to Say.

I now must shift my scene again;
The folks have gone; the wind and rain
Make mournful music through the trees;
While Sambo shivers, in the knees;
He hears; his superstitious fear
Adds life; what happened will appear.

When de Folks Is Gone.

And now that all are home at last,—
The bulk of entertainment past—
Beneath the early summer sun,
We'll close where we at first begun;
A scene from life; the earth attune
To heavens blue—Knee-deep in June.

Knee-Deep In June.

We've rested in the sunny Junes
Of other days,
A-loiter 'neath the harvest moons,—
Treading the ways
Our fancies led us,—blissful hours!—
Among the ever-blooming flowers
Of hope and youth.
My prayer: you profit by the touch
Of mystic hands
And hearts e'er loving, loving much,
From eden lands.
Go forth renewed in strength and will
For life's fierce turmoil, trusting still
In God and truth.

